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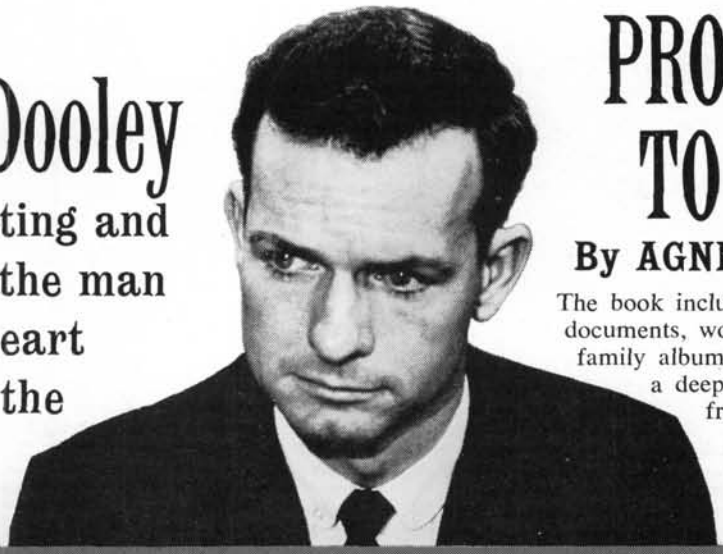

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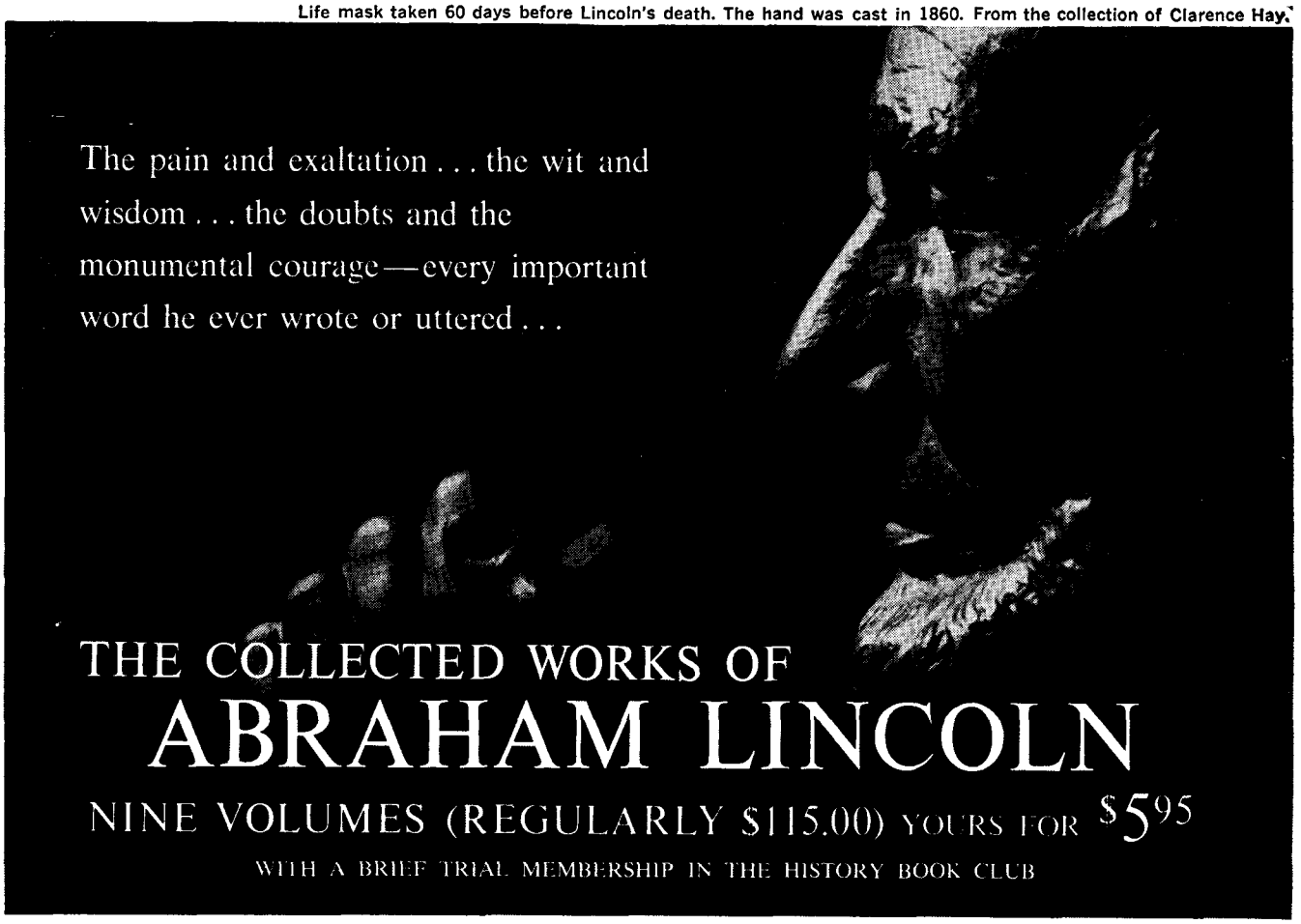

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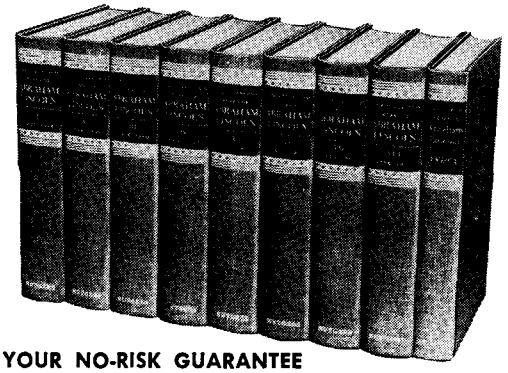

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L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

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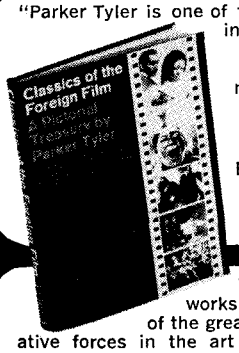

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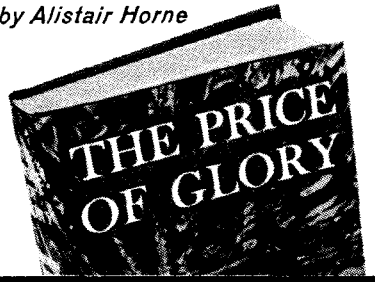

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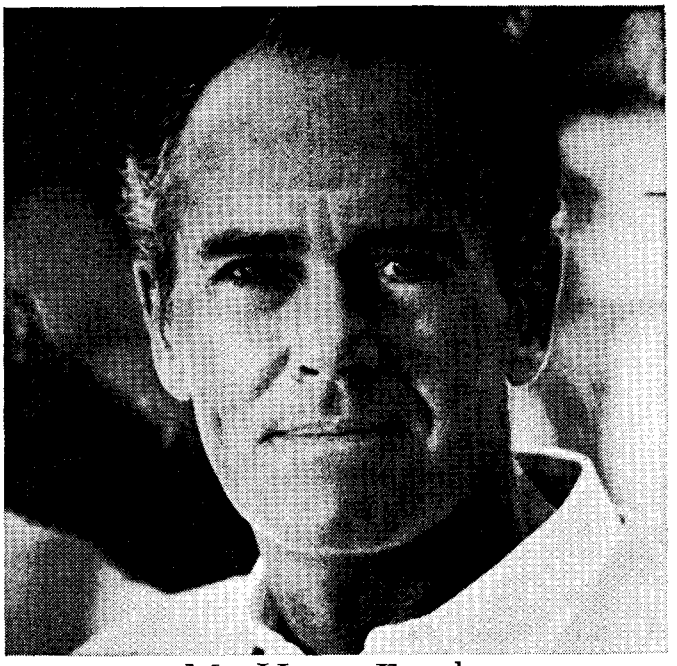

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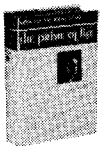

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MY UNCLE, THE POET

Boyhood on the Rocks

ONE NIGHT when I was ten years old I woke up suddenly; I had no idea how long I had slept. I could hear voices. My father and mother were still talking at the rear of the igloo, as they had been when I stretched myself out under the old heap of bearskins. I thought I detected a third voice but I could not be sure. It was hard enough telling my father and mother apart when they spoke, or even when I saw them, and as my mother's brother sometimes visited us, crawling into the igloo at all hours of the day and night, I thought it possible he had come in. But I could not be sure because whoever was talking was also eating blubber and the voices were muffled.

The igloo was dark. That was the hard winter of my childhod. My father had said we must conserve our whale oil. "One cannot see outside in the long Arctic night unless the aurora borealis is blazing," he said. "Then why must one see inside the igloo?"

I lay there listening to the soft mumble of voices and wishing for spring. They were talking in Eskimo, a language I had come to detest; but it was the only language they knew, whereas I, an Eskimo, also had Danish. Danish was the language they taught us at the mission school. My father, as I have said, did not know Danish and it seemed to me he took pleasure in speaking Eskimo on every occasion when more than a grunt was required. I didn't mind his grunts since a grunt in Eskimo is very like a grunt in Danish; and often I indulged myself in the fantasy that he really could speak Danish and that his next sound would be a lovely torrent of Danish.

Unconsciously, I transferred my affection from my father to my Uncle Olabi, yet my father probably was the better man, providing my mother and me with shelter and clothing and food and, in good winters, with plenty of light inside the igloo. My uncle, on the other hand, was lazy. He hated to paddle a kayak; he hated to fish or spea seals and polar bears. Even my mother, dear soul, was his superior at skinning a bear.

Though my Uncle Olabi could neither read nor write and his Eskimo, even to my young ears, was execrable, he was a poet at heart, lacking only the power to express the feelings that possessed him. His face, like the faces of most Eskimos, was broad and flat. He had tiny, merry eyes, but the merriment vanished and somberness veiled his gaze when he felt poetic and after an initial series of grunts tried to give voice to the turbulent emotions that cried for release.

My mother, kind as she was, only dimly understood him. My father, his closest friend, had no poetry in him and criticized my uncle when he threw fish bones on the floor of the igloo.

I think my grandmother, a formidable yet sweet old lady who had married when she was twelve and was held to be very wise, understood my uncle, who was her son; but I am not sure. In common with most Eskimos of her time she had long spells of silence, and nature, while endowing her with immense sagacity, also had thrust on her a compelling reticence.

I first became aware of this reserve, I think, when I began asking her about the Great Ice Cap. Her answers were evasive and finally she was seized with impatience and turned her back on me. All my pleadings were in vain. Once when I asked her what was up on the Great Ice Cap she did unbend sufficiently to say, "Nothing." But I was not satisfied. "There must be something up there," I said, "because now and then at school I hear that an American flier has been picked off the Ice Cap. What would a flier, especially an American, be doing on the Great Ice Cap if there is nothing up there?"

My uncle sensed my frustration, and in his own way he tried to help me. "Someday," he said, "I shall take you up there." His tiny eyes twinkled and his words reassured me. I could sense the surge of poetry in his breast. Beauty and wonder and terror were reflected in his eyes and he breathed more rapidly, but as he was incapable of freeing the poetry inside him and as he knew his prose was execrable he was silent. I like to believe that my uncle would have kept his promise but in the summer when I was fou teen he was badly mauled by a polar bear and died.

His end was painful but even so he did not forget me and on his last day he took my hand and said: "If I had

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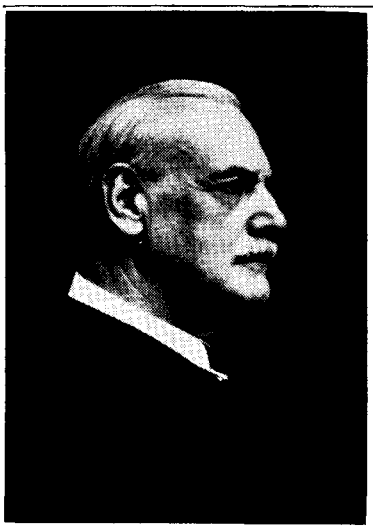
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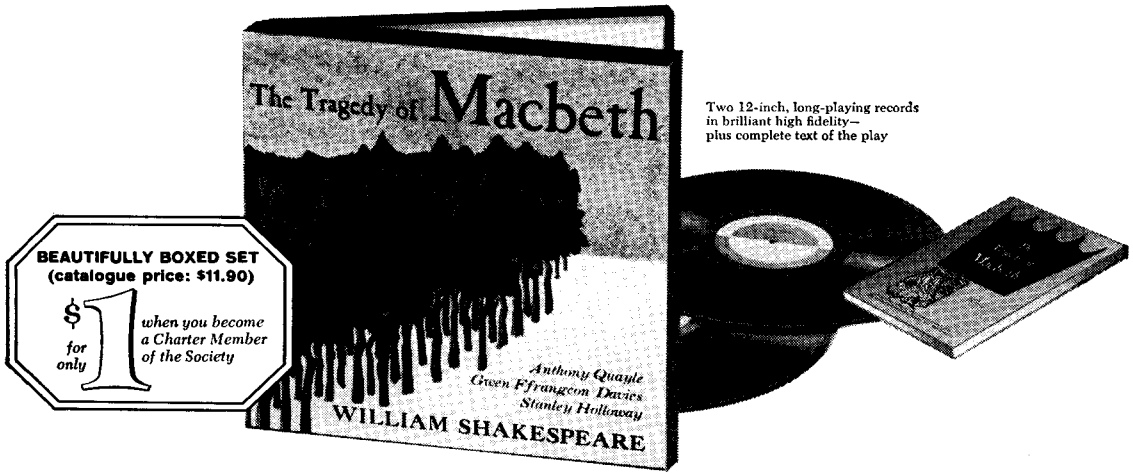
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lived, I would have taken you up to the Great Ice Cap. Always remember that."

I have never forgotten.

—JOHN FERRIS.

• • •

PUNCTUATION

1. The Comma,

comes from the Greek word *komma*, which means pretty much the same thing. Few words have as dull an etymology. If you take away the top half of a semicolon, what's left is a comma; come to think of it, the word colon comes from the Greek *kolon*. Well, you can't win 'em all.

The comma is used to separate Faith, Hope, and what begins at home. And by bad writers to keep their foolish, boring, misleading, noxious, aimless, space-filling, time-wasting, nonsensical, vexing adjectives away from their nouns.

Without the comma it would be difficult to keep track of the naughts in the federal deficit. Bunched together—000,000,000—it's easier for Congress to tell when they have to raise the debt limit. (If you happen to be a Zulu who is reading this, I should explain that in the USA we have a law which prohibits the government from going too far into the hole. When it goes too far the law is changed. This happens once a year. The process is known as "the democratic way" from the Greek word *demos* meaning that whatever 51 per cent of the blockheads do is automatically right. This peculiar concept is guaranteed by the terms of the Constitution, a set of statements which suggest that the people have certain inalienable rights, which, in turn, are taken away by law. Why don't you go back to Zululand where you belong?)

The comma is good for keeping a man away from his job. Marvin, the fink. Jack, the ripper. Susskind, the listener. This cute little dickens is sometimes used to show where a speaker takes a breath. The most interesting case of breathing was that of one Louella Parsons, a lady who, by radio, used to broadcast from Hollywood some of the brighter doings of motion picture persons. If her script was written the way she breathed, it must have looked like this:

"Hello, from Hollywood. My first, exclusive. Hedy, Krausmeyer, the well-known, personality, just flew in from, New York. She has a, contract to, play the part, of Ghoula in the, new picture, Ghoula, goes to, pot."

Those were probably the really, great, days, in the history of, the comma,

—HENRY MORGAN.

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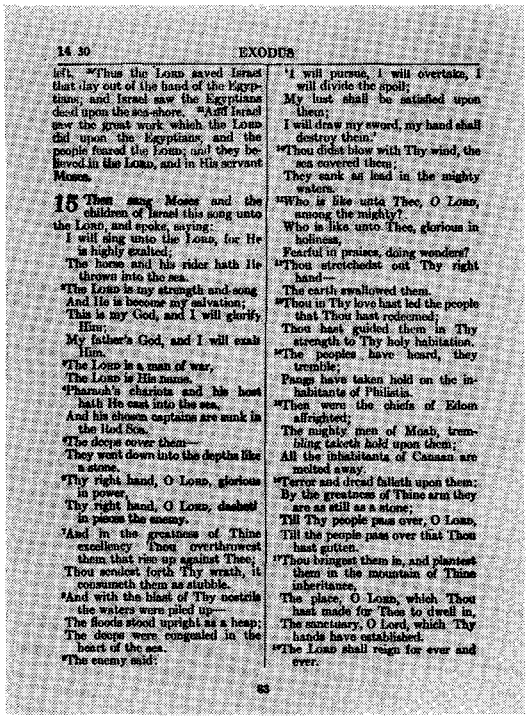
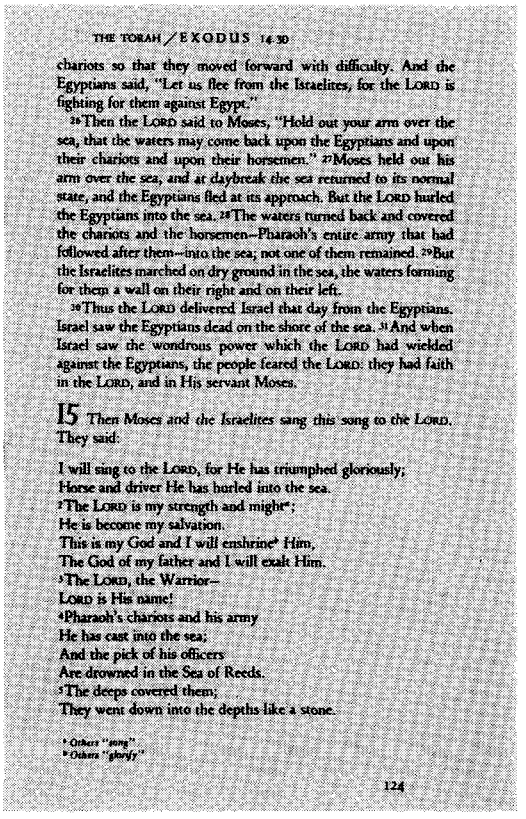


14 30 EXODUS

left. 30Thus the LORD saved Israel that day out of the hand of the Egyptians; and Israel saw the Egyptians dead upon the sea-shore. 31And Israel saw the great work which the LORD did upon the Egyptians; and the people feared the LORD; and they believed in the LORD, and in His servant Moses.

15 Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto the LORD, and spoke, saying:
I will sing unto the LORD, for He is highly exalted;
The horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea.
2The LORD is my strength and song,
And He is become my salvation;
This is my God, and I will glorify Him;
My father's God, and I will exalt Him.
3The LORD is a man of war,
The LORD is His name.
4Pharaoh's chariots and his host hath He cast into the sea,
And his chosen captains are sunk in the Red Sea.
5The deeps cover them—
They went down into the depths like a stone.
6Thy right hand, O LORD, glorious in power,
Thy right hand, O LORD, dasheth in pieces the enemy.
7And in the greatness of Thine excellency Thou overthrowest them that rise up against Thee;
Thou sendest forth Thy wrath, it consumeth them as stubble.
8And with the blast of Thy nostrils the waters were piled up—
The floods stood upright as a heap;
The deeps were congealed in the heart of the sea.
9The enemy said:
'I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil;
My lust shall be satisfied upon them;
I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them.'
10Thou didst blow with Thy wind, the sea covered them;
They sank as lead in the mighty waters.
11Who is like unto Thee, O LORD, among the mighty?
Who is like unto Thee, glorious in holiness,
Fearful in praises, doing wonders?
12Thou stretchedst out Thy right hand—
The earth swallowed them.
13Thou in Thy love hast led the people that Thou hast redeemed;
Thou hast guided them in Thy strength to Thy holy habitation.
14The peoples have heard, they tremble;
Pangs have taken hold on the inhabitants of Philistia.
15Then were the chiefs of Edom affrighted;
The mighty men of Moab, trembling taketh hold upon them;
All the inhabitants of Canaan are melted away.
16Terror and dread falleth upon them;
By the greatness of Thine arm they are as still as a stone;
Till Thy people pass over, O LORD,
Till the people pass over that Thou hast gotten.
17Thou bringest them in, and plantest them in the mountain of Thine inheritance,
The place, O LORD, which Thou hast made for Thee to dwell in,
The sanctuary, O Lord, which Thy hands have established.
18The LORD shall reign for ever and ever.

83



THE TORAH / EXODUS 14 30

chariots so that they moved forward with difficulty. And the Egyptians said, "Let us flee from the Israelites, for the LORD is fighting for them against Egypt."

26Then the LORD said to Moses, "Hold out your arm over the sea, that the waters may come back upon the Egyptians and upon their chariots and upon their horsemen." 27Moses held out his arm over the sea, and at daybreak the sea returned to its normal state, and the Egyptians fled at its approach. But the LORD hurled the Egyptians into the sea. 28The waters turned back and covered the chariots and the horsemen—Pharaoh's entire army that had followed after them—into the sea; not one of them remained. 29But the Israelites marched on dry ground in the sea, the waters forming for them a wall on their right and on their left.

30Thus the LORD delivered Israel that day from the Egyptians. Israel saw the Egyptians dead on the shore of the sea. 31And when Israel saw the wondrous power which the LORD had wielded against the Egyptians, the people feared the LORD; they had faith in the LORD, and in His servant Moses.

15 Then Moses and the Israelites sang this song to the LORD. They said:

I will sing to the LORD, for He has triumphed gloriously;
Horse and driver He has hurled into the sea.
2The LORD is my strength and might[a];
He is become my salvation.
This is my God and I will enshrine[b] Him,
The God of my father and I will exalt Him.
3The LORD, the Warrior—
LORD is His name!
4Pharaoh's chariots and his army
He has cast into the sea;
And the pick of his officers
Are drowned in the Sea of Reeds.
5The deeps covered them;
They went down into the depths like a stone.

[a] Others "song".
[b] Others "glorify".

124

The reading ease of the new translation of The Torah is clearly illustrated by these contrasting pages from Exodus. This familiar account of the flight of the Israelites from Egypt has been altered in other ways in the new translation. Evidence clearly indicates that Moses led his people across the Sea of Reeds (Yam Suf) rather than the Red Sea. The Sea of Reeds has since disappeared, but at the time of the miracle it was located north of the Red Sea, in the area where the Suez Canal is today. It was a semi-marshy area covered by considerable amounts of water in many places.

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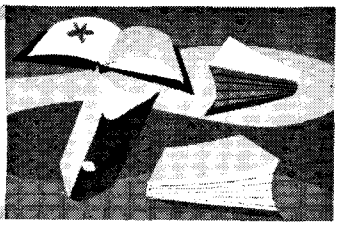
Trade Winds



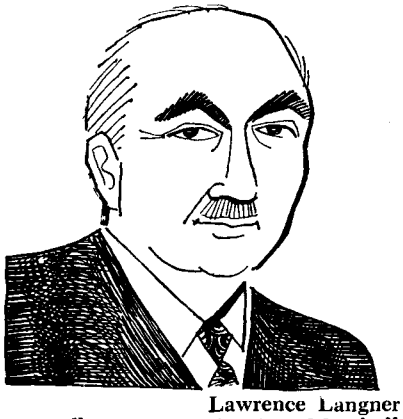
A LITTLE BEFORE MIDNIGHT on the day after the past Christmas, Lawrence Langner, one of the gentlest of gentlemen, complained of not feeling too well, and in moments he collapsed. In spite of every possible assistance, he was never to regain consciousness. In those moments, the theatre, the country, and the world lost a giant. As one of the founders of the Theatre Guild, he was more than a theatrical producer. As a scholar and writer, he was more than an author. As the creator of the National Inventor's Council, he was more than a patent attorney. He moved through several worlds of art and industry. He was never bound by any. He disdained parochialism in any form, and managed to be a specialist in homogeneity. To him, the world and the universe were seamless. Creativity was everywhere. It need only to be expressed and exercised.

NOT CONTENT WITH revolutionizing the American theatre through the Theatre Guild, Lawrence Langner decided that a clearinghouse for inventions was an urgent need in World War II and, as with every other idea he had, he went ahead and brought it to reality. As a leading patent attorney, he joined with his associates to screen more than 200,000 inventions, of which 5,000 were passed along to the armed services. Among them were the designs for a land mine detector, a tropical dry battery, and special signal mirrors to help airmen downed at sea. As he helped bring the theatre along to maturity, he continued his work as an authority on patent law, and squared off toe to toe with Thurman Arnold in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly* to defend the patent system as a major force in America's creativeness.

HE WAS NEVER content with the present. He lived perpetually in the future. He urged, cajoled, and badgered everyone until an idea came into bloom. When Robert Whitehead came to visit him in his Connecticut home, he found himself up at the crack of dawn, immersed in the swimming pool, and agreeing with Lawrence that a Shakespeare Festival Theatre in Stratford, Connecticut, was an urgent necessity. The idea was labeled by some as being as harebrained, ill-conceived, and ill-financed as Columbus's voyage. Today and tomorrow it will remain a living memorial to the man who fostered it, in and out of the swimming pool.

"You could never keep up with him," Whitehead says. "He always turned past recollections into future plans. He was only interested in positive thoughts."

TO RICHARD RODGERS, Lawrence's penchant for absentmindedness was simply a supreme absentmindedness for all negative thoughts. "The Theatre Guild," says Rodgers, whose "Oklahoma!" was launched under its auspices, "was supposed to consist of the vague trio of Lawrence Langner, Theresa Helburn, and Armina Marshall. But they always managed to be in the right place at the right time."



Lawrence Langner

Today Armina Marshall, as Lawrence Langner's widow, is carrying on the work alone. For courage, she can draw on her early days as a child in the Oklahoma territory. Living as the daughter of a frontier sheriff, she learned self-reliance and the capacity to draw on strength in the face of crisis.

IT WAS THE THEATRE GUILD that first brought Shaw to the American stage, often creating the world premiere productions of the irascible Irishman. Along with Rodgers and Hart, Rodgers and Hammerstein, S. N. Behrman, Sidney Howard, Elmer Rice, Sherwood Anderson, and other leading playwrights went the tasteful productions that marked the maturity of the American stage.

"Lawrence was convinced that the public was ready for fresh things," says Herman Shumlin, one of the theatre's great directors. "He insisted on the highest possible form of drama and he got it. I never ceased to be amazed by him."

JOSHUA LOGAN recalls that Lawrence could hold on to dreams longer than anyone else in the world. "I held him in awe," Logan says. "He was one of the most tenacious men who ever lived. It's hard to understand how he ever let go of life. He wouldn't have—unless he felt he had completed his run."

Elliot Norton, dean of Boston critics, felt that Lawrence epitomized courage, persistence, and tenacity. "I remember one time in Boston," he says, "when he was bringing in a play with an unknown author, a director on the verge of quitting, an ineffectual stage setting, and several actors ready to leave the cast. Lawrence was nervous and tense—but he was determined. In spite of tons of advice to close the play out of town, he stuck with it, pushed it through to Broadway. It turned out to be William Saroyan's 'The Time of Your Life'—and it went on to win a Pulitzer Prize."

LAWRENCE REMAINED young and resilient to the end. As Dore Schary puts it, "His luminous eyes never missed a blooming dogwood or a pretty girl." Or as Helen Hayes says: "There is no one around young enough to replace him."

From all over the world came messages of condolence—from the Lunts, from Katharine Cornell, from President Kennedy, from Luther Hodges, from Abraham Ribicoff, from John Davis Lodge, from great and small.

Perhaps Katharine Hepburn sums up best the thoughts of those who knew Lawrence and loved him: "Lawrence would sometimes call me Kate. But then he'd forget, and call me Lynn, or Helen, or Kit. But I always knew he was calling me by the most cherished thought in the world. He meant: Actress. Good God, Lawrence, how we'll miss you!" —JOHN G. FULLER.

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ROBERT FROST:
IN THE CLEARING
("Closed for Good")

They leave the road to me
To walk in, saying naught,
Perhaps, but to a tree
Inaudibly, in thought. . . .

And so on, into winter,
Till even I have ceased
To come as a foot-printer;
And only some slight beast,
So mousy or so foxy,
Shall print there as my proxy.

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Chess Corner–No. 80

THE creative capacity of the chess artist ordinarily begins to wane with the approach of middle age. But Dr. Emanuel Lasker, who held the world title for twenty-seven years, was a brilliant exception to the rule.

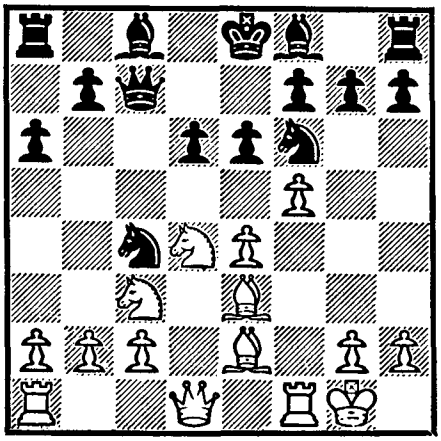
Lasker was able to sustain his powers well into his sixties. At the age of fifty-six, he won the great New York tournament in which Capablanca and Alekhine also competed. Even more remarkable was his performance eleven years later, when at sixty-seven he played in the mighty Moscow tournament of 1935. For round after round in this long event, nobody was able to beat him. Lasker won and drew in alternation, and finished in third place, half a point behind Botvinnik and Flohr.

In the game below from the Moscow event, Lasker makes short work of the then young Yugoslav master, V. Pirc.

SICILIAN DEFENSE

	E. Lasker White		V. Pirc Black
1	P-K4	P-QB4	
2	N-KB3	N-QB3	
3	P-Q4	PxP	
4	NxP	N-B3	
5	N-QB3	P-Q3	
6	B-K2	P-K3	
7	O-O	P-QR3	
8	B-K3	Q-B2	
9	P-B4	N-QR4	
10	P-B5	N-B5	

Lasker plans the game with aggressive sorties directly against the King. By and large in this variation, if Black's line is to be refuted, White cannot temporize, but must play the entire game fortissimo.

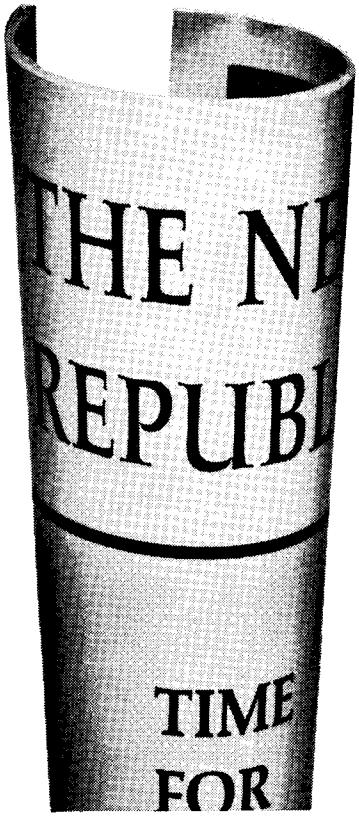


11	BxN	QxB	16	QxPch	K-B2
12	PxP	PxP	17	QxR	B-R3
13	RxN	PxR	18	NxPch	BxN
14	Q-R5ch	K-Q1	19	QxR	BxBch
15	Q-B7	B-Q2	20	K-R1	Resigns

Despite his age, Lasker's great gift for combination never deserted him. He was essentially a tactician who skilfully exploited weaknesses in his adversary's game and mental makeup.

—AL HOROWITZ.

THE NEW REPUBLIC



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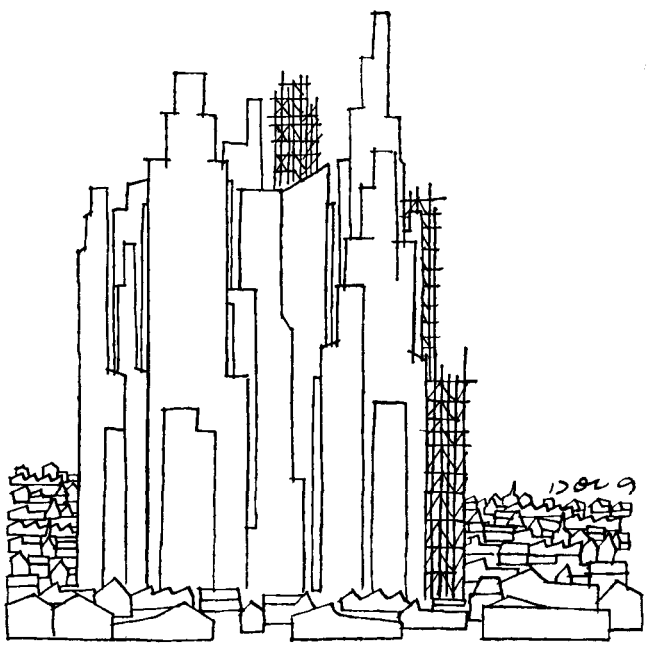
Saturday Review
FEBRUARY 9, 1963

A CURE FOR SICK CITIES



By CLIFFORD CASE, *Senior U.S. Senator from New Jersey.*

THE YEARS since 1950 in America have brought the revolution of urbanization, as it has been rightly called. About 125 million people and nearly 80 per cent of our productive capacity are now located within our 212 metropolitan areas. In the decade ending in 1960, 84 per cent of our total population growth was in these areas. In the next quarter-century our urban population is expected to increase by another 100 million people.

William Wheaton of the University of Pennsylvania recently told the Conference on Urban Life that we will be required to duplicate the size and capacity of all American cities existing in 1940 in order to accommodate our population growth in the next twenty years. To do this will involve an estimated investment of more than $1,000 billion.

With this growth, the problems of urban life confronting us today—in education, employment, housing, recreation, discriminatory practices, open spaces, sewage disposal, urban sprawl, health services, transportation, crime prevention, water and air pollution, slum clearance, and taxation—will become enormously more difficult. The states and local communities have the primary responsibility for meeting these problems. Yet the state and local governments can no longer do the job alone, both because of its increasing magnitude and because many of the problems cross local and even state boundaries.

Each level of government must share the responsibility for seeing to it that we meet the problems of this revolution of urbanization, of technology, of population migration and of social mobility and fluidity. And there is no escaping the fact that the role of the Federal Government has assumed increasing importance in the affairs of metropolitan areas.

This was recognized by the Kennedy Administration in its proposal to the past Congress that a new cabinet position by created—a Secretary of Urban Affairs and Housing.

Congress failed to approve this plan for two basic reasons, I think:

1. Congress is governed by a loose affiliation of rural-living, rural-oriented, and rural-voting members of Congress of both parties. That this is the real focus of Congressional power has been apparent for years. In the hinterlands, it is still politically popular for the country cousin to flail the city slicker. For the country man, these political scalps on his belt continue to be prime assets at the polls. The importance of this fact of Congressional life has rarely been more clearly demonstrated than in the defeat of the Administration's Reorganization Plan this year.

2. The Reorganization Plan itself was inadequate. Its greatest weakness was its failure to bring all the federal programs affecting urban development under one administrative roof. All the Administration plan proposed was to elevate the Housing and Home Finance Agency to Cabinet level. Yet the jurisdiction of the HHFA by no means covers the range of problems confronting urban and suburban communities.

Because of this the Administration was unable to muster the full political support of even those members of Congress who come from our urban and suburban areas. Its plan failed to meet what should be one of the basic objectives of this new department, namely the elimination of waste and duplication through the coordination of the currently fragmented federal programs affecting our metropolitan areas.

I believe that the President should now seek to determine which of the activities of the Federal Government need to be brought under the jurisdiction of a new Department of Urban Affairs. With this objective in mind, Mr. Kennedy could appoint an advisory commission from within and without government to study this matter and make recommendations to the President and to Congress as to how best to strengthen the existing—and once-defeated—Reorganization Plan.

THERE is no doubt, I believe, of the need for such a new Cabinet post. The report of the Senate Government Operations Committee, in approving the proposed Reorganization Plan in 1961, said that a Department of Urban Affairs and Housing would assist states and localities "emerging from the transformation of the American scene from a predominantly rural society to a vast urban complex." This transformation is moving at an accelerated pace.

Our cities have been caught between two population surges—rural people pressing in on the older cities for jobs, for better educational opportunities, for conveniences, while city residents are moving to the suburbs. Under these pressures, the process of city deterioration sets in. Taxes rise to meet the resulting increased cost of police and fire protection and of other munici-

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pal services. As city people, many of them from the relatively prosperous middle class, move to the suburbs, they leave the central city weaker in tax revenue and in many other ways. Further decay of the city core follows.

And, in many areas of the country, our problems go beyond urban overcrowding, beyond slums and downtown decay, beyond the slowdown in transportation, beyond the problems of depressed business and commercial sections, beyond strangling traffic in downtown areas.

OUR problems extend far into suburbia itself. They cross city lines. We face the cancer of unplanned and uncontrolled suburban growth. The older suburbs are threatened with the same fate as the downtown cities. Those who move to the suburbs seeking better living and some tax relief must, once again, provide those services, particularly schools, already established in the cities they have left. Our transportation planners confront incredibly difficult problems of moving suburban residents into and out of the cities where they work, handicapped by a transportation system weighted heavily on the side of highway facilities as compared with rail and rapid transit.

Civic, labor, and business groups have joined in many of our cities in a comprehensive effort to reverse this trend. For these groups, it is a matter of good business, of stabilizing downtown property values, and of creating more jobs and better housing. It is a matter of eliminating slums and replacing blight with new buildings and new tax ratables which can eventually lead to real estate tax reduction. But it is more than that—it is a matter of local pride as well.

To further this new civic resolve, the Federal Government has lent a hand. At the urging of both Republican and Democratic Administrations, earlier federal aid, notably mortgage insurance for homeowners, has been expanded over a period of years to include such new programs as urban renewal, loans for home improvements, for public facilities, for public works planning, for housing for the elderly and for college students, and a wide range of other activities.

The Federal Government has recognized that this is not just a problem of the central city. It has properly sought to encourage the solution of urban problems through state and local action, including area-wide regional and interstate cooperation. For example, it provides grants to assist regional and metropolitan efforts toward comprehensive planning.

These programs are under the Housing and Home Finance Agency. But under other agencies, there are activities equally important to urban areas. Under the proposed Reorganization Plan, these would not be brought under the new department. For example, highway planners find their concern is often exclusively with traffic needs while local housing agencies have as their objective the avoidance of new slums and the replacement of existing ones. The clash for space, as each seeks to accomplish its own task, is often inevitable. The Federal Government, through two separate agencies—the Bureau of Public Roads and the Housing and Home Finance Agency—provides funds for each, in cooperation with the states and localities.

There are problems, too, in the urban scheme of things, with regard to the relative place of highways and rapid transit plans. Recently, the White House released a technical report prepared by a group of experts which suggested, in part, that more express buses, operating in reserved traffic lanes, might be mass transit's answer to the growing problem of traffic jams that threaten to strangle our metropolitan areas. Conceivably, legislation proposed by the Administration to assist and supplement mass transportation facilities, under the Housing and Home Finance Agency, would result in a significant increase in express buses on our highways. The Federal Government would contribute financially to this end. But regardless of the ultimate fate of the Administration's mass transit program, a modest program of mass transportation assistance, already on the books, would also lead to greater utilization of express buses. This program is administered today by the Housing and Home Finance Agency.

There is clearly no objection to locating mass transit programs under the Housing and Home Finance Agency. But a significant increase in the number of buses on the streets would quite obviously affect what another agency of government is trying to do to combat air pollution. And this is under the jurisdiction of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. Today these activities of the Federal Government are unrelated. Nor would they be related under the proposal as submitted by the President to create a Department of Urban Affairs and Housing.

BEYOND this, duplication and waste would inevitably follow if mass transit plans are centered in the new department while another federal agency—the Department of Commerce—continues to guide, finance, and control the construction of urban and suburban roads.

We cannot divide responsibility and expect sound decisions or the most efficient use of the taxpayer's dollar in meeting overall community needs.

Here is where a Department of Urban Affairs and Housing could work to the greatest advantage. It could coordinate federal programs which have as their purpose the promotion of orderly community planning and growth.

The Reorganization Plan, as first submitted, can be a start but will not fully meet this purpose. For, as I have stated, it does not now provide for

"What we need is a brand new idea that has been thoroughly tested."

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bringing all the federal programs affecting urban development under one administrative roof.

If the planning problems and fiscal needs of urban centers and of suburbia, too, can be reviewed by one agency, it will not be at the cost of local and state home rule. Rather, I believe, local governments will be stimulated to develop their own comprehensive plans for the solution of area-wide problems if we center already available federal assistance and existing federal functions in a single agency.

We need to come up with a better plan than the one proposed by the Kennedy Administration. It would be my hope that renewed consideration of its deficiencies might lead not only to a better plan, but to one that would draw for the first time the sympathetic support, including political support, of the increasingly important suburbs. One minor improvement that comes readily to mind might be in the name of the new agency itself—why not call it the Department of Urban and Suburban Affairs? But details aside, if we are to have a delay in reconsideration of the need for a new department, we should make maximum use of the time available to us by strengthening the Reorganization Plan.

I DO not suggest that all the administrative problems of federal assistance to metropolitan areas will be solved simply by reallocating functions and organizing a new Cabinet department.

Only by continually strengthening federal policies and programs that seek to deal with these complexities are we likely to reach our objectives. For there are basic changes in the nature and composition of federal assistance programs which need to be made, quite apart from the creation of the new department.

For example, I plan to introduce legislation to require the approval by the Federal Government of a unified community plan for *all* projects to be financed with federal funds before funds for any *single* project will be allocated by the government. In some cases, an area-wide plan should be required.

This principle is already applied to urban renewal projects. Today, no city or suburb can receive federal loans and grants to assist in clearing slums and redeveloping cleared areas without the prior approval of a so-called workable program. In general, a workable program sketches out the community's development pattern for future years. No single urban renewal project today is eligible for federal financial assistance unless it conforms with the objectives of that community's workable program.

There is no reason why the same prohibition against wasteful spending of the taxpayer's dollar in the pursuit of inadequately planned improvements should not be extended to all federal programs affecting cities and suburban communities.

And as we attempt to strengthen the capacity of the Executive branch of the Federal Government to give more effective help in the solution of metropolitan area problems, we would be well advised to give thought to improving the way Congress itself functions in this area. Today, for example, an agreement between states on resolving problems of water or air pollution would be passed upon, not by the Congressional committees which deal with health problems or with urban matters, but by the Judiciary Committees of both House and Senate, good lawyers all. And while, to take another example, programs to build better sewage treatment plants go before the Senate Labor and Public Welfare Committee for approval, similar programs to aid in the construction of intercepting sewers leading to these treatment plants require the approval of still another committee, the Senate Banking and Currency Committee.

After a new Department of Urban and Suburban Affairs is established in the Executive branch by Congress, we should set our own house in order by creating Congressional Committees on Urban and Suburban Affairs.

I cannot forecast just when these improvements will be made. Soon, I believe, the swift-running currents of urban life will require it. The creation of a new Cabinet department can be a vital first step.

Babies

By Harold Witt

(*for Anita*)

BABIES, to begin with, a natural result,
bird-bald, shell flake fingered, aren't what you think—
monkey pink and wrinkled at the start,
soon they're crawling, kitten interesting,
and a harassed messed madonna, far from art,

fondles, and swears the kid was a bad mistake.
They smear the walls of miracles, and walk
out in the world where livid drivers brake.
Lisping at first, they usually learn to talk
fluently cute, and then talk back.

Hiding and seeking, skating into pain,
the distant corner closer than it was,
they won't wear coats or rainboots in the rain
(their terrible trouble is they're growing up)
limp sneezing home with knees without a skin.

Folks are fogies in a four-wall prison,
old worried wardens from whom they plan escape
(Jesus said you are my mother and brethren
to strangers, putting Mary in her place).
Goodbye, they cry, and fly off unconcerned.

The sighing father pays, the wakeful mother
hears the midnight faucet dripping blood—
even the blond-banged toothless little brother
is six feet tall and in a mating mood;
the tired, hated parents grope for each other—

but here they come, married, harried, home,
in the large arms of ambivalence carrying what?
"Why," says Grandma, taking the dimpled gnome.
Grandpa grins and gives grim Dad a pat.
The clock of hope is back where it began.

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WHAT'S MISSING IN THE NOVEL

By LENORE MARSHALL

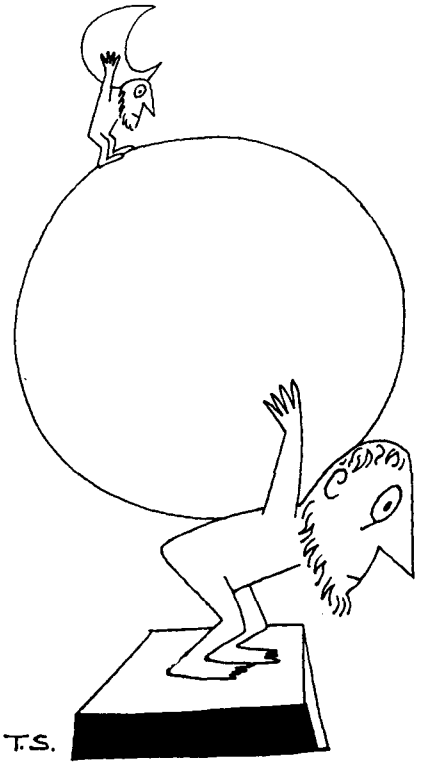
A FRIEND said: "I'm blocked in that next novel I'm doing. Don't know what's the matter, I feel so fragmented these days." The same day another novelist friend said: "How's your next novel coming? Mine is frustrating me. Horrible. Can't get my teeth into it at present. Don't know why." I could only nod unhappy understanding and fellow feeling. I believed I knew one reason why.

The novelist may be forgiven as part of the human race for his frustration and agony. We are all confused about this world of ours. The pre-nuclear or paleolithic age of writing, when novelists could drag any theme to their lairs, disentangling it from the nonrelevant frame of the world, is past. From now on there is a single relevance common to every theme and every character. The power to be isolated from it, as we could isolate ourselves from public situations in earlier days, is not ours. Any chronicler of life must grapple with it.

Even if "The Brothers Karamazov" were to be written today, the likelihood is that it would contain a further dimension. So would "Madame Bovary," "Don Quixote," "Anna Karenina," "Remembrance of Things Past," etc.—the list of greats, thank heaven, may be gloriously extended. Different as they are, they share, among the components of their greatness, central insights fundamentally illustrated by their particular period and social history, which reach as far as our period, touching universal chords, the direct foreground narrative indivisible from the larger setting, the story and characters a part of time and place. "Pride and Prejudice" has a narrower frame than "War and Peace" yet it illustrates the same fact: of what use would consideration of the Napoleonic wars have been in a backwater English village, for in 1813, when it was issued, it was indeed possible to lead a private life not only in Hampshire but in the south of France or Timbuktu, untouched by what was happening to suffering armies on the steppes of Russia. Today, however, Jane Austen would tremble in her parsonage when thousands of miles away a political crisis occurred. Planes carrying warheads would fly over her roof. Milk she drank might be contaminated by bomb tests. For wherever people stand or whatever they do, there is one thing they share: they are affected by our nuclear condition. Children or patriarchs, Nigerians or New Yorkers, they cannot escape it. But most novelists' characters have, so far.

During recent years, as after World War I, there have been many novels in which heroism, cowardice, and yesterday's inferno of battle are natural material, but there has been a disproportionate scarcity of those whose theme is that today's possible atomic clash would be a war of another color. True, a handful have dealt with it, notably such works as "On the Beach" and "Fail-Safe." But astonishingly few modern writers of fiction have suggested that there is an altered background to our lives, which already is having its effect on human beings and thus on "characters"— the prospect of general annihilation and therefore the pressing need to abolish war. Few plots or treatments have given recognition to the fact that an age has ended, an age has begun, that our period is creating a deepened struggle for survival and demanding a new horizon for mankind.

Serious fiction, which attempts to illuminate life, not escape from it, must face up to this lack. In other types of fiction, for instance the mystery novel or science fiction, the lack means less, although the suspense novel may not seem as thrilling as before when the fate of mankind depends on a pushbutton and science fiction, which deals with a fabulous future, leaves plenty of excitement on this globe before the visitors from outer space arrive. Serious fiction itself will of course—need we say it?—continue to light the infinite landscape of life, but its map must be redrawn to include a sub-terra: a recently created earthquake fault upon which we precariously rest. The novel, amorphous as it is, must include that fearsome dimension which now inhabits each breast, even when it is obscured by everyday details of living, the dimension that seeps into the very bread of existence even when the crumbs are carefully swept under the rug. Today's novel must have for its background the world which is *our* background—a world that may destroy itself at any moment.



YET OUR background includes, for instance, love, does it not? Novels will continue to be about, for instance, love, will they not? Boy will meet girl. A child is born in Brooklyn or Borneo, grows, is scolded, kissed, sees a flower, meets a stranger, and behold what a labyrinth unrolls, what a story follows. But in some form the atom catches up with this character. Careers are launched, jobs go on, so do death and taxes, hunger and parties, and all the paraphernalia that finds its legitimate way between the covers of books. During the Cuba crisis, while the whole world's breath stopped for a week, people still made love and weeded gardens and schemed and created art. With a difference, however. Stalking at their sides like a thug with a gun was the new fact—as they might well have seen it, although more masked, during the ten previous years. It affected that love-making, perhaps with anguish, perhaps with wild irresponsibility. The autumn leaves and each pesky weed were suddenly more beautiful than ever before—how long would our eyes see them, how long would there be leaves? Even without crises, each newspaper headline brings a silent undercurrent to our activities. Bomb tests make us think of genes

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as well as jobs. Six-year-olds are frightened that the earth will blow up; they are herded in drills to crouch under desks—at what future nervous risk?—while the good word "shelter" is corrupted. A fifty-billion-dollar arms industry unsteadies our economy. Our culture reflects competitive fatalism, our survival depends on "gamesmanship," our art becomes less human, more anti. Conversely, the bright goal of existence, of disarmament, of peace, has its supporters and influence, too. Whether men talk of it or not, there it all is in life. It is therefore necessary substance for novelists.

How can we deal with this adequately? We are stopped by its unwieldy vastness. It is still so new a concept that we have not yet absorbed it, as the material of a novel must be absorbed. It is so total that we cannot do it justice. Its facets are put before us by journalism, science, politics. Then how is the novelist to deal with this? For it is no longer enough to be born in Brooklyn or Boston or the Bush.

And there is an understandable leaning over backward taught by the experience of the Thirties with its proletarian novel, novels of social protest. These preached, and usually made a quite doctrinaire mess of fiction. The cause of this effect was "the cause." If in a novel we separate a theme from the whole work, holding it out on forceps, torn and bloody, a bone of contention, it will lose all power over our minds and our hearts. True, a "Grapes of Wrath," like an "Uncle Tom" earlier, or a "David Copperfield," while exposing an evil, left its mark in human terms, but most of the novels bent on reform are now forgotten. Their situations are not comparable to ours. Relatively few people were affected by dust storms. Not all, even, were affected directly by slavery. But all are affected directly by the bomb.

This is why the dilemma of our age is like a window through which we look at everything. When we first get a retrospective glimpse of that baby in its cradle, if we are moved to whisper to the helpless little creature, "Oh, I hope—I hope . . .," then our vision has passed through that window. At least there is an expression of awareness in our countenances. We are responsible people. Whether or not the central fact of our time is mentioned by the novelist, whether he formulates it or reacts intuitively, it is implicit just as the awareness of birth and death, in or out of the range of his book, is implicit. Here is no danger of dictating material, no limitation of point of view. On the contrary, the view is widened by hitherto unused matter revealed by our universal window, our new lens of anxiety and determination, the eye of new knowledge that beholds our new world.

Our world. In most novelists the life force runs strong. Just as we have been compelled to write of the individual life, so now life itself is the protagonist. There is a new villain. To be silent toward him may be to abet evil.

Our world that we love. We can—to put it in one set of terms—write of the bankruptcy of policy that meets force with force; of power of destruction manipulated by a few men; of "overkill"—more than enough bombs to erase every man, woman, and child on earth while the arsenal is further stocked; of the point of failure of rationality; of apathy. And we can also write of the reverse of all these, a marvelously conceivable story: of aspiration; of the goal and need to abolish weapons since as long as they exist we are threatened, and of the further need to maintain a spirit of search and of learning, and of the still further need for more compassion, brotherhood, kindness—how dryly grandiose it sounds in those terms. How inanimate the vast panorama that opens. But in "War and Peace" there is also a panorama of issues: across it move Pierre and Natasha and Andrew and a rich pageant of characters who embrace and shed tears, who go to balls where they dance, who put on uniforms and say "Please" and "Farewell" or do not say them. They change, the vast panorama changes. Life, changing, moving life, has been created.

OUR world. We may take the long view and ask: Why should the world go on? Who are we and what is our planet among the galaxies? Yet suddenly that week of the Cuba crisis the autumn trees were precious, more heartbreakingly gold and crimson than ever before. Little loves: the cup of good coffee; big loves: the good friend, the good book. "The Brothers Karamazov" continued to be great to its readers and would be eternally, unless by accident every copy were destroyed.

The idea that art might transform environment seems an unfashionable one, yet the artist, hoping to impose his form upon the chaos of material, dreams of this very thing. The hope of shaping the forces around him by his magic is as old as the first story told to the inhabitants of a cave. Hope and his tools connect the artist to the future.

Nothing is too big for the novel.

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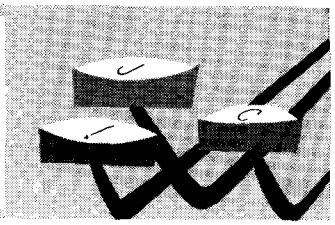
Manner of Speaking



CONCRETE PROSE AND THE CEMENT MIND: Law, I have been moved to argue in the past, is man's guilty conscience codified. More often than not, I have since concluded, law is that guilty conscience mystified. I know of no point at which the law represents itself as so self-evidently inferior to the conscience in which it dabbles as it is in those cases in which the legal mind feels itself summoned to haul literature into court.

I have from Grove Press copies of an "information" filed in the Brooklyn Court of Special Sessions of the Criminal Court of New York against Henry Miller, his publishers, and the distributors of "Tropic of Cancer" in the paperback edition. The document is dated October 15, 1962, and signed by Edward S. Silver, District Attorney, and heaven help the district. Here is the D.A.'s one-sentence prose form for the first charge (*exclamation points mine*):

> The defendants, on or about and between January 1, 1961 and June 30, 1962, in the County of Kings, unlawfully sold, loaned, gave away, distributed, showed and transmutted (!), and offered to sell, lend, give away, distribute, show and transmute (!), and had in their possession with intent to sell, lend, distribute, give away, show and transmute(!) and advertised, and offered for loan, gift, sale and distribution, a certain obscene, lewd, lascivious, filthy, indecent, *sadistic, masochistic and disgusting* book, and written and printed matter entitled "HENRY MILLER, TROPIC OF CANCER" and bearing on its cover the legends "A BLACK CAT BOOK 95¢," "THIS IS THE COMPLETE UNEXPURGATED GROVE PRESS EDITION ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED at $7.50" which book and printed matter was copyrighted in 1961 by Grove Press, Inc., and is captioned "FIRST BLACK CAT EDITION 1961 — THIRD PRINTING — MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA," and which book and printed matter depicts and represents acts and scenes wherein the sexual organs of both male persons and female persons are portrayed and described in manners connoting sex degeneracy and sex perversion, and which acts, scenes and description were of such pornographic character as to tend to incite lecherous thoughts and desires; and the defendants designed, copied, drew, printed, uttered and published, and manufactured and prepared said book and printed matter, and wrote, printed, published and uttered, and caused to be written, printed, published and uttered, an advertisement and notice giving information, directly and indirectly, stating and purporting so to do, where, how, and whom (!!), and by what means and what purports to be (!!!), the said obscene, lewd, lascivious, filthy, disgusting and indecent book and printed matter can be purchased, obtained and had.

I am tempted to submit that any man who can write, transcribe, and publish and utter with intent to transmute, or who causes to be written, transcribed, and/or published and uttered with intent to cause to be transmutted (great word, derived no doubt, from *trans* plus *smut* signifying "cross-smutted") any such hodgepodge of purported language is self-evidently in contempt of prose and should properly be declared incompetent in any action touching upon the human expression of human ideas. I invite any reader to play the game of deciding for himself how many of the D.A.'s piled-on verbiages contain a vestigial act of mind and how many made their own way from the dusty dictionary to the charge so filed, with no mind in attendance. I for one should especially like to know how a book can be sadistic and masochistic. And I should certainly welcome a grammatical note, among other things, "giving information . . . where, how, and whom, and by what means and what purports to be," etc.

But if in his "information" thus far, said D.A. has merely been pretentious, officious, illiterate, and pompous in the manner more or less expected of his office, he clearly leaves the world and even the fictive irrealities of D.A.'dom behind in a second citation in which he charges that Grove Press conspired with Miller to write the book in 1961 —which is to say, twenty-seven years after the book was originally published in Paris, and more than a year after the hard-cover edition was published in the United States:

> It was the plan of the said conspiracy that the said book and printed matter was to be prepared and authored by the defendant Henry Miller and was to depict and represent acts and scenes wherein the sexual organs of both male persons and female persons were to be portrayed and described in manners connoting sex degeneracy and sex perversion and were to be of such a pornographic character as would tend to incite lecherous thoughts and desires.

And in a final section of the information, captioned "Overt Acts," the D.A. further releases or causes to be released the following mental belch:

> 1. In pursuance of said conspiracy, and to effect the purposes and objects thereof, the defendant Henry Miller, on or about and between January 1, 1961 and June 30, 1962, in the County of Kings, prepared and authored the said book and printed matter entitled "HENRY MILLER, TROPIC OF CANCER" and therein depicted and described acts and scenes wherein the sexual organs . . . etc.

So it would seem that between January of 1961 and June of 1962, Barney Rosset of Grove Press, and Henry Miller of Paris and California (he *was* born in Brooklyn) sat down in Kings County and conspired to author a book that had been written for twenty-seven years. Worse yet, as I get the picture, Barney Rosset sat there in Kings County nudging aforesaid Henry Miller while aforesaid was busily composing aforesaid, and did intermittently urge him to depict and describe yet another sexual organ or two.

Gentlemen of the law, we mere mortals have ever been constrained to sit still while you members of the Loophole Club exchanged your gibberish in the name of public order and private right. We must yet insist that when professional gibberish loses even its normally minor contact with reality and passes into that sort of disregard of plain fact usually associated with lunatic fantasy, the least any concerned citizen can do is to make public his censure of the legal officers involved in such a fantasy. What I mean, gentlemen, is that we used to have a gent on our block called Joe Pipedreams, so called because he seemed to specialize in such fantasies, and because we believed his special abilities to be the result of smoking opium. I do not know what the D.A. has been smoking, gentlemen, but let me urge the proper agencies to look into it. It will probably turn out to be no more than the fumes from some political back room. In any case, it would be well to have them analyzed. Something in the environment of the D.A.'s office certainly conduces to fantasy. And certainly, gentlemen, if the D.A.'s charges are the law at work, I for one must insist upon standing in contempt of it.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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Listening to Ivan Denisovich

PERHAPS what is most significant about the publication in the Soviet Union of "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich" is that the Russian people today are prepared to believe it. Ten years ago it would have been regarded as a monstrous lie; even so short a time as five years ago it would have been profoundly doubted. But the Russian people are ready today to take the book at face value. They may be deeply stunned, even bewildered, by the revelations concerning the pulverizing hardships of prisoners at the labor camps under Stalin, but they no longer doubt that these things actually happened.

Not that the adjustment has come without pain. In fact, what is involved here is a searing psychological ordeal. A fixed universe of personal belief has been shattered. The effects cut through to the subconscious.

"Only if you have actually lived a large part of your life under Stalin can you understand the impact on our minds of what we are now learning about Stalin," a Soviet writer told me in Moscow a few weeks ago. "It seems only yesterday that I went to war prepared to die with the name of Stalin on my lips. My friends and I carried in our wallets the pictures of our wives or children or mothers—and a portrait photograph of Stalin. Stalin, like Lenin, was a national hero—a godlike figure. And now suddenly we are told it was an illusion."

"Does it make you wonder whether everything else you have believed may also be an illusion?" I asked.

"The facts about Stalin are unsettling, terribly unsettling, but it hasn't made us cynical about everything else," he said. "Maybe it helps to be able to talk about it—and to talk about many other things in a way we have not had the habit of doing before."

As he spoke, I thought of a conversation I had had with several other Soviet writers as recently as 1959. I had tried to explain to them why Americans were so opposed to Soviet totalitarianism. I had cited the injustice of the Soviet so-called treason trials of the mid-Thirties, and of the documented accounts of terror and violent suppression. All this was immediately denied as unfortunate examples of capitalist propaganda against the Soviet Union. When I called attention to Nikita Khrushchev's own revelations at the Twentieth Party Congress in 1956, at which Stalin was described not as a glorious savior of the Russian people but as a tyrant and villain, I was told that these statements about Stalin were not nearly so severe as I had been led to believe.

I had little doubt in 1959 that the full impact of the disclosures about Stalin by the Chairman had not been fully felt by Soviet intellectuals—and almost not at all by the Russian people as a whole. This was not surprising. For a full generation, the nation had been locked in. Contact with foreigners, whether inside or beyond the borders, was so scant as to be almost nonexistent. The same was true of contact with ideas. The people had been conditioned against curiosity; questions could get them into trouble. And they learned not to try to see too deeply into things. They had been educated to be ideologically and emotionally dependent on a supreme political being.

For more than six years after his first astounding account of the sordid, irrational side of Josef Stalin, Chairman Khrushchev provided no detailed follow-up to his initial disclosures. Then, at the Twenty-second Party Congress last year, the Chairman returned to the attack. This time the job was completed. Every remaining illusion was swept away. Meanwhile, the physical remains of Josef Stalin were removed from the place of honor next to Lenin in the Kremlin tomb. This was the most drastic step of all; the two bodies, side by side, had become the most powerful single symbol of the new nation. Every day, thousands of people would queue up on long, winding lines and wait for hours for a brief glimpse of the national heroes in their exposed coffins. In fact, a visit to the twin tomb had been regarded as the nation's greatest attraction. And then, one of the revered bodies was unceremoniously removed as a final reclassification of a national hero.

Why was it necessary to unmask the Stalin myth? Stalin was dead; what harm could he do in his tomb? While in Moscow I had a chance to discuss the matter with the Chairman. Mr. Khrushchev explained that it was difficult to make the nation a fully functioning instrument unless Stalinist methods, habits, and attitudes were set aside—not just in government but in the country as a whole. For Stalin was not just a tyrant who brought a reign of terror and suppression to the Russian people, He exerted profound influence on the form and direction of the Communist Party, on approaches to major problems, on the thought patterns of the people. And before the effects could be extirpated, the cause had to be clearly defined.

It was not easy, the Chairman said, to scale down such a mountainous figure, but he felt it had to be done nevertheless. Accordingly, he has made two major pronouncements on the general subject since coming to office. By now, however, he said he felt the people ought to be fairly well informed on the subject. Yet he said that almost every day he met otherwise intelligent people who still believed that Stalin was sane. Anyway, progress was being made.

There was an interesting difference,

(*Continued on page* 63)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SCHOLARS AND SERIES

I DO NOT SUPPOSE that it is possible for the editor of a series of books whose published volumes have been described as "elementary and textbookish" to register an objection without deserving the cry of "sour grapes." Yet my objection is made apart from the relatively unscathing comment with which American Authors and Critics emerged from Granville Hicks's "Authors and Academicians" [*SR*, Dec. 15]. The protest is made also in behalf of the editors and authors of American Authors and Critics' sister series, especially Twayne's *United States Author Series*.

First, I doubt seriously—although it is a grave charge—that Mr. Hicks has read the books; secondly, I would at least call into question the wisdom of his scorn over the many titles and many series which are being offered.

On the first point, the time has long since arrived and gone when one familiar with the literary ages of the Thirties and Forties might call them ages of irresponsible reviewing. If the practice of eccentric book reviewing is continuing in England and, as I am told, prospering, America can credit herself (in no small measure due to the kind of review one looks forward to normally from *SR*) with elevating to the province of criticism the hackneyed chores of the book reviewer of the past. I can only say for American Authors and Critics, whose list of published volumes is small enough (six) to lend credibility to its editor's claim, that no one of the authors whose books are completed saw his task as the production of an "elementary and textbookish" text. In fact, I doubt that any of these writers, whose critical reputations were brought to the series and in no way made by it, would agree that their work was undertaken on a commercial basis alone—even the academic-commercial basis of "publish or perish. . . ."

The second point has to do with the publishing counsel which Mr. Hicks offered in the matter of proliferating series and titles. No market is infinite, and sooner or later we will run out of purchasers for any title. But the advantage of the Twayne series, which Mr. Hicks seems to overlook, is that the "strange juxtapositions" he observes in that series often are the only books ever written on many of these writers, all of whom, however poor and however minor, in an age of vast publication, certainly deserve a single book. If American Authors and Critics has any advantage, it is that it is trying to unite into a single and inexpensive format somewhat important studies of primarily major figures.

Both Twayne's series and Barnes & Noble's will certainly falter in specific volumes, and perhaps fail in others. Nor do we, I think, object to those reviews which will point out the falterings and failures of any of the books. As the editor

of American Authors and Critics, I would like very much to have Mr. Hicks *read* well any or all the books he may choose in the series, and review them how he will. Perhaps subsequent volumes will profit from his and others' reviews. But let them be read. The age, I would repeat, of the "quick" review is past; the reviewer, in an age of many books and many readers, has a new critical and responsible function. One does indeed hope that "when the axe falls it lands on the necks that deserve it."

JOHN F. MAHONEY, Editor,
American Authors and Critics.
Detroit, Mich.

GRANVILLE HICKS REPLIES

IT SHOULD HAVE been clear to anyone that I had not, that I simply could not have, read all the books in all the series I mentioned—a total of more than 100 volumes. I have read carefully at least one volume in each series, and I have looked through many more. I am satisfied with the reliability of my general impressions of the series, which is all I attempted to offer.

Since in the nature of things *SR* cannot hope to review many of these books at length, I thought it might be useful to inform *SR* readers of the existence of the various series and to give my impressions for what they may be worth.

GRANVILLE HICKS.
Grafton, N.Y.

BUYERS AND BORROWERS

WE ARE MOST appreciative of *SR*'s book reviews, but my colleagues and I can't help suspecting that too many of your readers are *buying* their good books from book stores and borrowing mysteries and Westerns from the public library.

A reversal of this pattern would help change the public library from the diversion center it often is to the educational center it ought to be. . . .

We want to hear more from the Kafka-Camus crowd than we now hear from the Zane Grey readers.

BERNARD POLL,
King County Public Library.
Seattle, Wash.

PLANE SONG

HORACE SUTTON'S description of the deplaning procedure at Washington's new jet airport [*SR*, Jan. 12] includes a description of the use of the mobile lounges: "Passengers will use the lounge as a waiting room, filing inside to be lulled by music."

Perhaps Mr. Sutton should have used the expression "annoyed by music." Your publication has recently run an editorial on the subject of the unnecessary and undesirable noise to which we are constantly subjected. Unfortunately the inarticulate public usually accepts these impositions without complaint or protest, and I therefore hope you will continue your efforts to lessen this abuse.

JAMES M. ADAMS.
Chattanooga, Tenn.

WASHINGTON'S NEW AIRPORT sounds like everything an airport should be. Now if someone will just figure out how to make the time spent on the ground as brief as the time spent in the air, the Air Age will *really* have arrived.

L. R. BROWN.
San Francisco, Calif.

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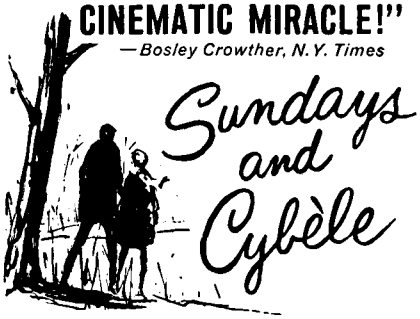

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Lead, Kindly Knights

SIR JOHN GIELGUD'S revival of "**The School for Scandal**" attempts with considerable success to bring out the gentler aspects of Sheridan's comedy, and to perform it in a style suggested by theatrical drawings of the late eighteenth century.

As Sir Peter Teazle, Sir Ralph Richardson emanates the special sadness of an old man who inwardly realizes that he is fortunate to experience just a little bit of happiness from his marriage to a young wife. In doing this he sacrifices much of the humor that he could easily have achieved by accenting the irrascibility of Sir Peter, and even his sarcastic asides about the malicious reputation-wreckers of London's fashionable society seem less prompted by anger than they do by melancholy. While Sir Ralph's is a memorable portrait, it creates a problem because it weakens the play's only strong proponent of equating virtue with high-sounding sentiment and exemplary public behavior. For the purpose of this play's action is the discovery that while Sir Peters' conventional world is taken in by hypocritical scoundrels like Joseph Surface, there may be more value to open and generous fun-loving libertines like Joseph's brother Charles.

Thus it is that this revival of "The School for Scandal" seems rather tame until the second act when the Surfaces' wealthy uncle begins his private investigation of the two brothers' virtues. Then Laurence Naismith, who plays Uncle Oliver with force, gullibility, and merriment, gives the proceedings a lively urgency and a rollicking vitality. That he would forgive his otherwise dissolute and irresponsible nephew all his sins because "He wouldn't sell *my picture!*" is perhaps ridiculous, but Mr. Naismith transforms it into something that is not only sunnily believable, but a reminder that we can all be touched by an unexpected sign of affection. Geraldine McEwan is similarly delightful when as Lady Teazle she shows affection for her husband by refusing to lie her way out of being discovered behind the screen in Joseph's lodgings.

Enjoyment of these moments comes easier than appreciation of the entire production, in which Sir John has worked so carefully at avoidance of farce. We tend to admire more than relish the perfectly finished exits and entrances of characters adorned in Anthony Powell's warmly elegant costumes, which appear all the brighter for the paler and cooler tones of his formal settings. And when it comes to stylish delivery of Sheridan's lines, Sir John the director seems to keep stopping Sir John the performer from playing Joseph so brilliantly that the rest of the cast would be put in the shade. Fortunately, he is not completely successful at this latter task and on occasion gives us flashes of his incomparable technique with such feats as turning a casual "Your most obedient" into a high-voltage destructive weapon.

Those of us who recall Sir John's 1947 revival of "The Importance of Being Earnest" as perfect are possibly unfairly disappointed at this current importation's comparative lack of total effectiveness. Yet Sheridan is as different from Wilde as he is from Wycherley, and we are grateful for the opportunity of glimpsing this great actor's conception of how Sheridan should be played, even if it is not as constantly entertaining as a more uninhibitedly contaminated production might be.

THE Phoenix Theatre's revival of Robert Sherwood's "**Abe Lincoln in Illinois**" at the Phyllis Anderson Theatre is an excellent revival of a proven modern classic. Hal Holbrook's portrayal of Lincoln is rich in color and verisimilitude. And Stuart Vaughan's staging of the chronicle on Peter Wexler's imaginative but simple setting achieves a unity of focus by continually driving at the point that Lincoln was a fun-loving man who did everything he could to avoid the exercise of his own greatness.

Over at the Strollers Theatre-Club is a company which has been delighting Londoners at a club there called The Establishment. Though similar to "Beyond the Fringe," this entertainment seems to be designed more for an audience that is predisposed to endorse the most vicious possible satire on the government, class-society, and religion. It frequently employs motion picture sequences, including a brilliantly funny trick montage of Hitlerite Germany, and makes sure that its audiences don't think it's just been fun by closing with a film that alternates world horror and poverty with British Royal Family luxury and complacent cermony. Best in the company of five is John Bird, who is hilarious as Defense Minister Thorneycroft explaining why British people should be happy that Skybolt has been abandoned in favor of Polaris.

—HENRY HEWES.

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Continental Comedy

THE Italians would seem to have discovered the secret of good film comedy—that it is unnecessary, in humorous treatment, to insist that crime not pay. What does appear to be necessary is that character remain consistent throughout, even if this consistency merely demonstrates so simple an axiom as "once a thief, always a thief." These not very deep reflections have been brought to mind by an Italian import titled, somewhat unpromisingly, **"Love and Larceny."** Don't let the title throw you off, though, for the movie is an ingenious and thoroughly captivating romp through the tricks of the larcenist trade, with Vittorio Gassman splendid as a master larcenist with a grab bag of accents, voices, and disguises.

Gassman has always been known as a talented actor, but his bent was thought to be in the direction of the tragic and the romantic. In another little gem of an Italian comedy, "Big Deal on Madonna Street," he showed a lighter gift. He showed it again in "The Great War." Here, in "Love and Larceny," he is in full flower, a man in command of the subtler arts of comedy, deft, graceful, a mimic, a satirist. He is a likable thief, and this alone makes it easy to follow his adventures.

These adventures, by the way, aren't at all fantastic. True to the tenets of neo-realism, they take place in real settings, and give the impression that anyone with similar gifts could accomplish them, too. If, for instance, the New School for Social Research were to give a course called Larceny I, this movie might well be required viewing, and Mr. Gassman might be invited to lecture on the art. Indeed, the movie is a series of illustrated lectures on such matters as "How to Remove a Diamond Ring from a Jewelry Store Without Risk or Payment," and "The Poisoned Food in the Restaurant Ruse."

The script writer, Sandro Continenza, presumably did his research thoroughly, collecting various examples of extortions, swindles, and con jobs. He hasn't hesitated to include the most simple, such as milking small children out of contributions to a nonexistent orphanage. He is also highly elaborate, and shows in great detail how to milk an egg noodle manufacturer out of several million lire on the supposition that the manufacturer is bribing an air force general who, in turn, will get him a large contract for the supplying of egg noodles to the military.

The twists and surprises in "Love and Larceny" are too many for the cataloguing. It should be said that Gassman is abetted handily and delightfully by Anna Maria Ferrero, who cons him into marriage and low-paid respectability for a time, and by Dorian Gray, who has the look of someone who will always wear mink. The Dino Risi direction is in the spirit of the story.

I'm not sure about the propriety of concentrating on sin in this column, but a French omnibus picture called **"Seven Capital Sins"** is well worth a comment. Most films of this type, especially where seven episodes are involved, turn out to be so-so. The averages are against them. But this time the odds have turned in our favor. Practically every one of the episodes has merit, all are entertaining, and a few are stylish. The movie, by the way, is not the one called "Seven Cardinal Sins" of some years back, although the same ever-popular sins are used: anger, envy, gluttony, lust, laziness, pride, and greed. The directors this time are, most of them, graduates of the New Wave; they include Claude Chabrol, Jacques Demy, Philipe de Broca, and Jean-Luc Godard.

Eugene Ionesco wrote the episode called "Anger," and it is, as one might expect, both absurd and provoking. Philipe de Broca, the director of Daniel Boulanger's "Gluttony," does a viciously funny study of a French farmer and his family on their way to a relative's funeral. Jacques Demy's "Lust" is a thin, only sporadically amusing New Wavish exercise, in which his point is never quite made. But Jean-Luc Godard's "Laziness" is always amusing and does make its point: that laziness may well be the most moral of the sins, since it prevents one from indulging in the others. It also proves that Godard, who directed "Breathless," is no flash in the pan, and that Eddie Constantine, the American actor who acts only in French movies, is a performer of ability.

As for the contributions made by Claude Chabrol, Eduard Molinaro, and Roger Vadim, they are pleasant but on the thin side. Grading the sins for viciousness, as these stories demonstrate them, anger would come first, gluttony second. As for the others, they emerge as charming, inconsequential, and ironic. Whether this is intentional or not I can't say, but it does seem true that for these young sophisticates of France, the capital sins aren't very worrisome.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

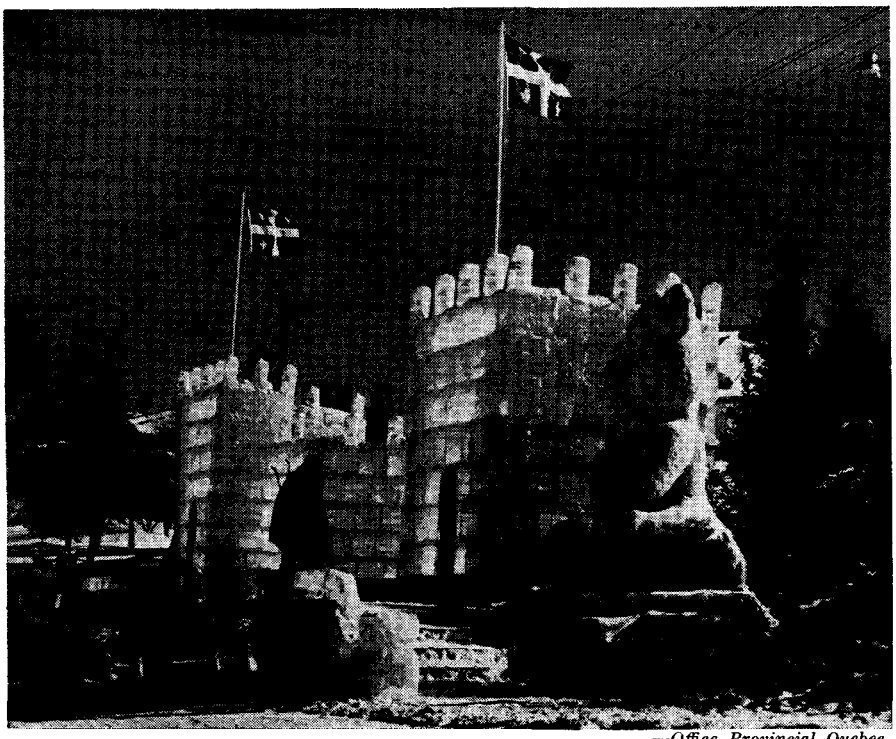
Wintertime, and the Livin' Is Freezy

BESIDES the dark and the cold, there was a cloud of persistent reminiscence that hung over Quebec when I arrived there in the winter quiet of a recent Sunday night. The red crosses glowed above the spires of the Lorette church, and the hulking figures in their greatcoats and their tall fur hats marched against the snow. My first view of Quebec on a winter's night was calling back for me, I began to realize, buried recollections of winter arrivals in Russia—those same bundled bodies crunching the snow, the same trucks laboring in the night to clear it away, and above it all in the lonely square, the red stars on the Kremlin towers, oddly enough like the crosses on the church, shining through the long night of winter, imparting a certain mystique to a city which for so many months of each year lives in the deep drifts and the deep freeze.

The mood was over in a moment, for I soon realized, as we rolled farther into town, that winter in Quebec was not so much an oppression as an excuse for a party. A month after Christmas, the trees on the lawns were still being lighted each night, and the elaborate trim of colored lights that ran along the eaves and around the doorways of some houses was still turned on with the approach of every twilight. The custom would last until the end of Le Carnaval de Québec, a winter blowout which this year started on February 6 and will continue to the 26th. I'm not sure what makes Moscow merry, especially in winter, and it only goes to prove that one man's moroseness is another's jamboree.

—Canadian Pacific Railway.

Ice canoe racers crossing the St. Lawrence.



—Office Provincial Quebec.

Wintry palace and sculpture in Quebec—Cakes of ice, water from a garden hose, and the temperature takes care of the rest.

The cab circled into Upper Town and entered the walled entranceway of the Château Frontenac, the Norman bastion that Canadian Pacific Railways operates as a hotel. The doorman stood in huge coat and great fur hat in a courtyard paved with snow and ablaze with colored lights. I deposited my bags in the room, but I could scarcely resist, no matter the hour, a late-evening walk in the snow. The skaters had long since fled the rink in back of the hotel, and the skeleton of the toboggan chute was black and quiet against the sky. The turrets of the Château rose with enormous majesty as if they were posing for the cover of a children's fantasy about fairy castles. Far below, the St. Lawrence was bitter and icy, but in the narrow streets of Upper Town there was a certain cheer that glowed from the taverns and restaurants, tinting the hard-packed snow with their neon.

The next morning I drove down to d'Youville Square, where, as is the annual custom, an ambitious ice palace was under construction. Derricks swung ice cakes up to a construction crew which cemented them in place with an uncomplicated binder—a spray of water from a garden hose. Quebec's temperature took care of the rest. By now, I expect, it is in its full glory, a symbol of the Aurora Borealis, its jagged points rising more than three stories high, the colored spotlights at night playing on its glossy facades. We drove down the street named for St. Thérèse, which has come to be called "carnival street," for it was here in the simple neighborhoods of the laboring classes that the citizens first began, spontaneously enough, to greet the midwinter with ice sculptures which they fashioned themselves to decorate the drab houses that must sit in the snow row on row during the annual Ice Age. The frozen monuments—Noah's arks, Yogi bears, hares, and tortoises—were already taking shape along St. Joseph's Street, which will be closed to traffic except for a small train to take visitors on a tour of the sculptures.

A party of Eskimos imported from the reaches of Hudson Bay have by this time, I presume, taken up their station in Jacques Cartier Square tending a temporary igloo. The last dabs of paint have by now touched up the ambitious floats which I saw being built. They go on parade in Lower Town during the daylight of February 17 and cruise the alleys of Upper Town the night of the 23rd.

I'm not sure who goes to work in Quebec City during February, for besides the pageantry there is an almost endless string of winter competitions which would exhaust the sports com-

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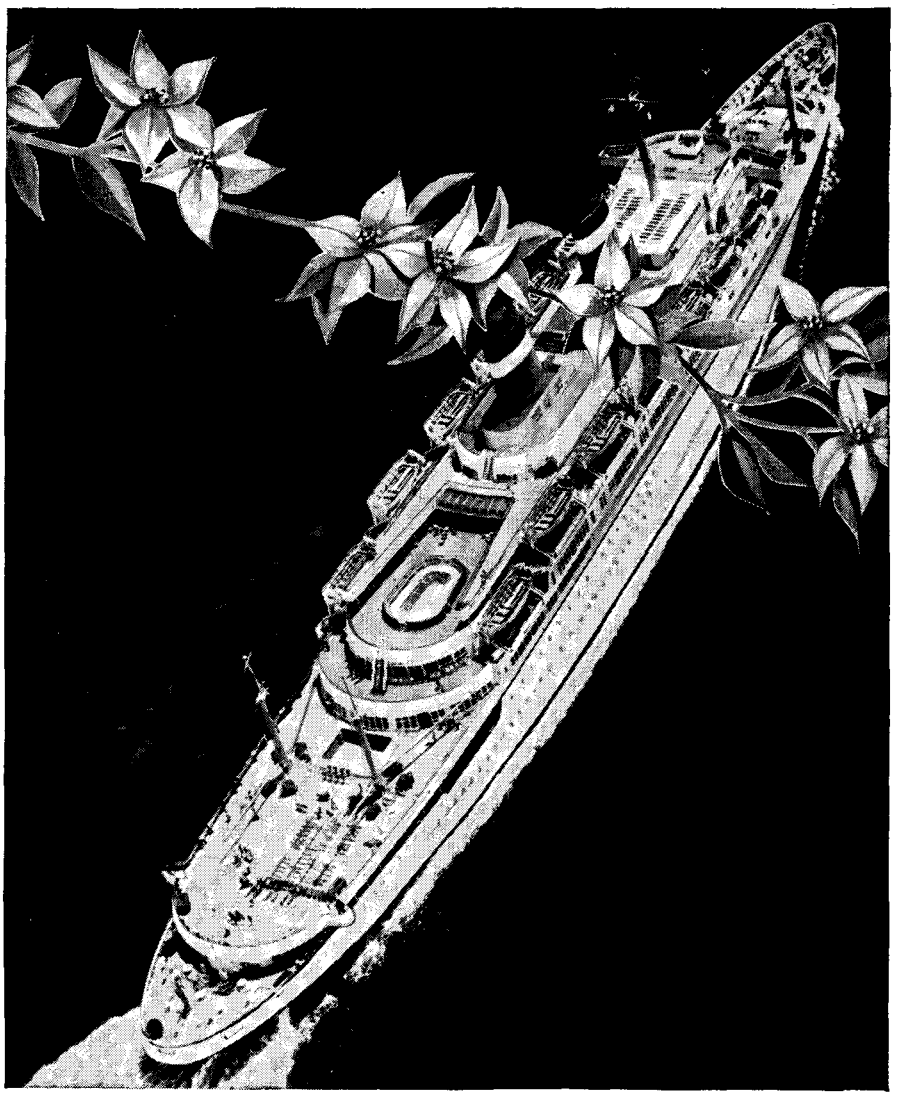
mittee of the Winter Olympics. The events are perhaps a bit bizarre by Olympic standards, involving, as they do, broom ball tournaments, three-day dog-and-sled races, snowshoe races, and a steeplechase conducted by a clutch of competitors whose mission is to coax barrels up a public thoroughfare called Charest Boulevard. While there is, to be sure, hockey competition between grown men, hockey up here being as dear to the Québecois as cricket is to a Shropshireman, doubtless the most appealing games are those played in the course of what the carnival committee calls the Tournoi International de Hockey Pee-Wee. Last year more than fifty teams converged on Quebec from such divergent points as Hershey, Pennsylvania, and the Pointe Bleue Indian Reserve, no player among them older than twelve.

But the *pièce de* frosty *résistance* is the annual race across the St. Lawrence by ice canoe, a sort of longboat with metal runners. The boats are alternately rowed across the ice-clogged river until the floes become impassable. At that point the crew of five must bound over the side and pull the canoe over the frozen crags until open water appears again. Boats are sponsored by commercial concerns and, for that matter, even by local politicians, and there have been years when only three boats out of twenty-one starters have finished. A boat manned by the five Lachance brothers has won the race four times, once engineering the round trip across the river in forty-nine minutes and forty-six seconds in the teeth of what even the Québecois called "nearly unbearable weather conditions." For their feat, they garnered a polar bear's share of the $2,600 prize money.

BUT these are spectator sports, most comfortably seen by the spectators who have been lucky enough to find themselves high up in the riverside suites of the Château Frontenac, where the view may be somewhat distant but the radiators burble and the spirits are near. Québecois keep warm in winter, and especially during carnival, by swilling drafts of *caribou*, an anti-freeze concocted of red wine, clear alcohol, hot water, and sugar. The carnival kitchen revives Québecois cuisine, notably *tourtière*, a game pie often made with hare; *pâté de viande*, a pie stuffed with chopped meat, usually pork; and *ragoût de pattes de cochon*, or pigs'-feet stew. The desserts are not exactly delicate either, there being a choice, usually, of maple sugar pie or *chausson aux pommes*, an apple turnover that literally means "sock stuffed with apples." It comes bathed in caramel sauce.

While a description of any of these



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culinary treats would be enough to cause a true Frenchman to blanch, or worse, Quebec does not exist on such fare alone, nor has it forgotten its French heritage. The language differences with Paris French may be readily clear even to the unpracticed ear, but the fleur-de-lis still waves in the provincial Quebec flag. The establishment most reminiscent of a French bistro is perhaps La Chaumière, in a private house on the Rue Couillard. The tables are covered with chequered cloths, and the maître in chef's clothing stands at the door to greet the guests and to discuss the menu. Probably the most elegant retreat is the new Bacchus on the Rue d'Auteuil, across the street from the city tourist bureau, small, *soigné*, and, by Quebec standards, expensive—about six dollars for an à la carte dinner. The line of tourists that used to form in front of Kerhulu during my summer tourist days in Quebec a decade ago comes to order now, I'm told, before the doors of Vendôme, just down the block from the Château Frontenac. The Château itself, where the public restaurants and the public rooms have always seemed rather formal and perhaps a bit forbidding, has been wise enough to open a snappy little restaurant of its own called the Place de la Fontaine. Gotten up with measured informality, it is a dashing modern corner with some provincial trappings for added atmosphere.

A number of motels have sprouted in Quebec, too, among them a local branch of the ever-spreading Holiday Inns. One of the largest is the Laurentides, which calls itself, even on its sign, a hotel-motel. While it has the drive-up-and-park-it advantages of a motel, it also has convention facilities, an avenue of shops, and a fishing and hunting preserve elsewhere in the province which can be used by its guests. It has, as well, an ambitious restaurant called the Bastogne, which features flaming duck, flaming kidneys, and puffy soufflés served in a splendid setting looking out through the circular glass walls to the St. Lawrence and the city of Quebec in the background.

Although the carnival explodes, like a long-playing Chinese firecracker, for the better part of three weeks, winter lasts longer. For those who come out of the carnival season there are other pleasures. One is thundering down the toboggan slide that is erected each year on Dufferin Terrace behind the Château Frontenac. Four bodies at a time can be loaded aboard the eight-foot snow rafts, and if they are a hefty lot and the track is fast, unfettered with droppings from neighboring chimneys and newly iced, they will roar down the chutes at fifty miles an hour, catching fleeting glimpses of the St. Lawrence below, and ending up at the bronze feet of Samuel de Champlain, the city's founder. Beefy drivers wrapped in raccoons wait in front of the Château to take visitors on sleigh rides around the city. Swathed in big buffalo rugs, tourists glide through the twisting streets, fetching up inevitably on the Plains of Abraham where Wolfe defeated Montcalm, insuring British influence over North America. A running commentary in highly accented French-Canadian-English, a version of the King's language in which "h's" are placed in front of words that begin with vowels and dropped from words that ordinarily begin with them, is an accompaniment to the trip. "Well," the driver says as the sleigh returns to the square in front of the Château at trip's end, "'ere we h'are."

Skiers will have to venture to the nearby suburb of Lac Beauport, ten miles from the city. The resort lies like a bowl surrounded by woods and mountains. Although the hills are part of the Laurentians, there is nothing like the agglomeration of inns in the branch of the same mountains near Montreal. Here there are but two major sanctuaries, the Château La Beauport and the Manoir Saint-Castin. The Château has 100 rooms, cottages near the lake, a cellar cabaret for dancing. I'm afraid it doesn't exude, or at least it didn't to me during a rather casual look around, the same well-kept, handsome air of the Manoir, with its skaters twirling on the rink just outside the trig little Café Normand, its beamed ceilings, the crisp linen, and the shining tureens waiting in the elegant main dining room. The rates are about the same, roughly fifteen dollars a day per person if you take the American plan. Night skiing and tooling about the frozen countryside in mechanical *machines à neige* are among the less than usual sports available at Lac Beauport, and perhaps you can throw in with that, for the benefit of sedentary athletes, sleigh rides around the lake.

For those who want to live in the fashion of the Québecois and abjure what the more rustic adherents disdainfully call "chalet-skiing," there are unnumbered little villages throughout the province where the hotels are cheap, the snow deep, and the winter ambiance cheerful enough. I drove up one morning from Quebec City to Baie St. Paul, a summertime artist's retreat on the shores of the St. Lawrence. It was a sixty-mile drive, but the road was open all the way, and the frosty vistas that unfolded along the way—snow piled on the farmhouse roofs, sleighs jingling along the byways, and acres of

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white-dusted firs—were a delight. At Baie St. Paul the hotels charge about seven dollars a day with all meals, and while they are not exactly the Château Frontenac, you'll have a considerably better chance of learning French and, should it be an inducement, of trying the French-Canadian cuisine. Both the Hotel Baie St. Paul and the Hotel Morin import live music on weekends, and either will arrange for snowshoe trips and excursions by *machines à neige*, also known as Ski-dos—a snow runabout with skis in front and a motorized traction belt in back. There are no ski lifts in town, it being the local custom to haul interested parties up a mountain in a truck and then send them on the two-hour trail that leads downhill to town.

Baie St. Paul may seem rather remote from wherever it is you are sitting, but I did manage to spend a whole day up there, quite a bit of it eating *tourtière*, but in an hour and a half I was back at Quebec airport to catch TCA's late afternoon Vanguard flight to Montreal. A few hours later I was rather startled to see all of Manhattan come up under my window. It was a crystal night and a million lights shone below, as if you had made countless pin-pricks in a shoe box, put a flashlight inside, then turned out all the lights in the room. For reasons that are unknown to me—I'm grateful all the same—the big Vanguard made two crossings of the city. On the first I thought we might be skewered by the television antenna atop the Empire State Building, which we rounded as if it were a pylon. We came up the East Side, floated past the United Nations Building, then headed west again across Central Park before turning to make another run down the Great White Way. This time we made our turn around the Statue of Liberty standing there resolutely, if a bit alone, I thought, in the darkened harbor. New York, from the sky anyway, is certainly a winter festival on clear bright nights, and the local Convention and Visitors Bureau owes a vote of thanks to the Canadian pilots who run these sightseeing tours in the sky.

—Horace Sutton.

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Caribbean Conrad

By GRANVILLE HICKS

ON THE last page of his new novel, "**The Exiles**" (to be published March 4 by Macmillan, $4.95), Albert J. Guerard has a note that describes the genesis of the book:

> Some of the material for this novel was gathered in the course of a trip to Cuba, Haiti and the Dominican Republic, in the summer of 1959. I went to these places, on a magazine assignment, to investigate the planning of vest-pocket invasions and revolutions. In Havana I talked with the loyal and the subversive, with Haitians plotting an invasion, and (within twenty-four hours of each other) with Castro's executioner, a trainer of his guerrilla forces, and his director of the National Library. My novel is nevertheless in no way intended to reflect present or past conditions in Cuba. My "Santa Isabella" (for all its resemblances to the Dominican Republic of Trujillo) is a fictional country, and two of my Haitian cities will be found on no map. Specifically: the story of Villamayor is not intended to suggest a solution to the mystery of Dr. Jesús de Galindez, presumed to have been killed by Dominican authorities.

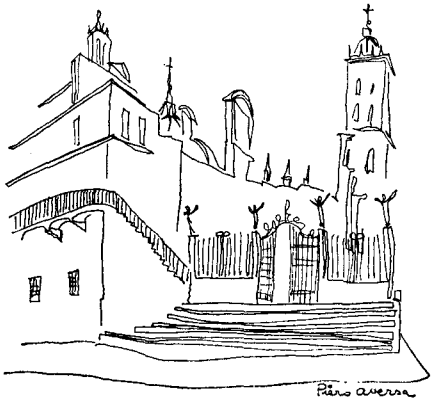
Obviously Guerard, a practiced novelist as well as a sound critic, could not have such experiences without wanting to make something of them. So far as specific facts are concerned, I am willing to accept his disclaimer, but anyone can see readily enough how his imagination was fed.

Guerard tells the story in the first person, using as narrator a young man, Nicholas Clive, who is probably not altogether autobiographical but enough like the author to be congenial. Clive was in Santa Isabella at the time of the affair of Justo de Villamayor, poet and, briefly, politician, who dared to oppose The Protector, and who disappeared after being beaten. Since then he has reappeared and vanished again. Clive, believing that the time is right for a detailed study of Villamayor's life and work, approaches the consul of Santa Isabella to ask whether there are any manuscripts available. This casual move precipitates the action that follows.

Soon after his talk with the consul, Clive is visited by Manuel Andrada, representative of the Santa Isabella national library, which, he asserts, wants to locate and purchase Villamayor's manuscripts. Clive, of course, realizes that Andrada is a police agent and a clumsy one. Andrada is an absurd figure, ugly in appearance, always getting into trouble, usually because of the impetuousness of his search for sexual gratification, to use his favorite phrase. In his relations with Clive he is obsequious and importunate, expecting the young man to get him out of his difficulties. But if he is ridiculous, he is enormously persistent in his task, out of both fear of The Protector and a deep-seated respect for him.

CLIVE talks with sad little groups of exiles in Boston and New York, and finally with the sister of one of Villamayor's close associates, who tells him that Villamayor is alive and in Haiti. So Clive sets off for Port-au-Prince, trying to give Andrada the slip, but the reproachful agent catches up with him in Miami, and they proceed together. Clive locates Barbara Swenson, a rich American who makes a hobby of subsidizing Caribbean revolutions, and at last he finds Villamayor's hiding place and Villamayor himself.

If Andrada is a triumph of characterization, Villamayor is something of a puzzle. Once a rich playboy, then a greatly admired poet, then for a short time minister of education and enemy of The Protector, then victim and exile, he has suffered for the cause of freedom. He is still a foe of tyranny, Clive discovers, and he is engaged in writing an attack on The Protector; but he no longer has any desire to take part in political movements. He has grown gentle and philosophical, and wants to stay in hiding with his bizarre entourage. "How indeed," Clive asks himself on the occasion of their first meeting, "could this refined and subtle man, this evasive intellectual, confront The Protector's coarse violence?"



When at last Villamayor and Andrada stand face to face, it is the latter who is ill at ease. Almost struck dumb with awe, he can only stammer out his nonsense about publishing Villamayor's poems in the finest vellum. But he is dogged and tries not only to secure the manuscripts but to persuade the poet to return to his native land. Villamayor, meanwhile, seeks to persuade him to denounce The Protector. It is a conflict between good and evil, but the good man is weakened by contradictions in his character, and the evil man has his virtues. It is on these virtues that Villamayor wages everything, and he almost wins.

Clive reflects: "It is strange how my most vivid image of Manuel Andrada remains comic to the end, for all the somber role he at last assumed and the stubborn loyalty he showed—and in spite of the ultimate macabre event, itself still shadowed by ambiguities." The climax is speeded by the blunder of a journalist, who announces that Villamayor is about to invade Santa Isabella, and thus brings the weary old revolutionaries thronging into Haiti. Andrada's hand being forced, he acts in his curiously unpredictable fashion.

A careful student of the techniques of fiction, about which he has learned much from Joseph Conrad, among others, Guerard tells the story effectively. The settings are sharply drawn; he has obeyed Conrad's injunction to make the reader see. He writes with both vigor and grace. Andrada, as I have suggested, is done extraordinarily well; as the novel proceeds, we become more and more aware of his complexities without any sense that the character is falling apart. Villamayor, who craves detachment but cannot avoid involvement, is harder to grasp, but in the end one at least sees what Guerard is trying to do with him.

Though there is much that I like in the novel, I have an uneasy feeling that it is primarily a literary exercise. Guerard had the material and he had the technical skill, and he went to work. I don't much care what happens to any of these people, and he doesn't seem to either. The moral problem that is raised, with the nice balancing of qualified good and qualified evil, is something to talk about, not something to feel deeply. For Guerard as a craftsman I have great respect, and craftsmanship is important, but one has a right to ask for something more.

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Now It Can Be Told in Moscow

According to Western dispatches last autumn, it was on Nikita Khrushchev's recommendation that the ruling Presidium of the Communist Party of the USSR decided to publish "One Day Out of 3,650," an exposé by Alexander Solzhenitsyn of life in a Russian concentration camp, in the November 1962 issue of Novy Mir, one of the Soviet Union's major literary monthlies. The magazine was an immediate sellout, and the story created a sensation. The novel's publication represents more latitude by the Kremlin toward artistic expression, as well as another political nail in the coffin of Stalinism. However, the importance of the USSR's failure to agree to the Universal Copyright Convention (see page 18) is underscored by the book's simultaneous publication in this country by E. P. Dutton through formal contract with the official Soviet literary agency and by Frederick A. Praeger without authorization. The novel—here titled ***"One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich"*** *(Dutton, 160 pp. Praeger, 210 pp. $3.95 each)—is evaluated by George Reavey, who compares the two translations with each other and the original. Mr. Reavey, author of "Soviet Literature Today," translated Gogol's "Dead Souls" and "The Poetry of Boris Pasternak." He is now completing a biography of Maxim Gorky.*

By GEORGE REAVEY

THIS BOOK is more than a surprise. "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich" is an event of social, political, and literary importance. Its repercussions may well be incalculable, for the author, Alexander Solzhenitsyn, strips away the accumulated mythology of the Stalin era.

At last, a voice out of the thawing depths of the USSR tells us the plain, non-Aesopian truth about the hitherto frozen aspects of Soviet life. A voice, moreover, that is esthetically satisfying, with a genuine human intonation. In precise and salty language, the author details conditions in a Stalin forced-labor camp, and in so doing does not gloss over the brutality and flagrant injustice under a system of arbitrary power.

The original text of this astonishing work was published in the November 1962 issue of the Soviet monthly *Novy Mir*. In his preface to "One Day" Alexander Tvardovsky, *Novy Mir*'s editor-in-chief, states that "the effect of this novel, which is so unusual for its honesty and harrowing truth, is to unburden our minds of things thus far unspoken, but which had to be said." This is a remarkable statement. It seems to admit the necessity of a public confession by the powers that be, for Mr. Tvardovsky leans for support upon Mr. Khrushchev himself. How very Dostoevskian this public confession! And how timely and, indeed, nightmarish, appearing as it does almost 100 years to the date after Dostoevsky's "The House of the Dead."

With terrible irony Solzhenitsyn manages to convey that corruption and degradation were not confined to the world-in-prison that engulfed Ivan Denisovich Shukhov and millions like him, but had become deeply ingrained in the whole of Soviet society. Even Mr. Tvardovsky acknowledges this when he writes: "The reader could easily imagine many of the people shown here in these tragic circumstances as fighting at the front or working on postwar reconstruction. They are the same sort of people, but they have been exposed by fate to a cruel ordeal—not only physical but moral."

Wryly, the author makes us realize that it is the innocent and the unjustly condemned prisoners inside the barbed wire who worry about the distorted values of the people outside and above them. Thus an inmate criticizes in almost Pasternakian terms the "politics" of Eisenstein's film "Ivan the Terrible" as "utterly vile—vindication of a one-man tyranny. An insult to the memory of three generations of Russian intellectuals!" There is an even more ironic sidelight in the following passage: "This sort of thing could only happen in a camp . . . Nikolay had studied literature at the university and had been arrested in his second year. Stepan Grigoryevich [the new camp doctor who had given Nikolay a soft assignment in the dispensary] wanted him to write the sort of thing here he couldn't write 'outside.'"

Alexander Solzhenitsyn—irony.

However, in this world of inverted values there were certain advantages: "The great thing about a penal camp was you had a hell of a lot of freedom . . . here you could yell your head off about anything you liked. . . . The security fellows couldn't care less. The only trouble was you didn't have much time to talk about anything." This last sentence tells a lot about Ivan Denisovich's "day": he was kept on the run from 5:00 A. M. till late at night on a rather empty stomach.

An acute observer, the author succeeds in making "One Day" both a grim exposé and an intensely fascinating document. He achieves this by his grasp of detail and his sensitivity to the character and weaknesses of ordinary men, here memorably portrayed. We need only read the indelible portrait of the anonymous "old man," who had "been in prisons and camps more years than you could count. . . . When one ten-year stretch was over they

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"One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich"

Excerpts from Praeger and Dutton Editions

"I WAS scared enough in front of the Major," he was saying, "but now I was up in front of the Colonel. 'Private of the Red Army Tyurin reporting,' I say. He stared at me and his eyebrows were fierce. . . . And they gave me a lousy discharge: 'Dismissed from the ranks as the son of a kulak.' Some chance of getting a job with that! It was a four days' train ride home and they didn't give me a ticket. They didn't give me any food either. They just gave me my last meal in the barracks and kicked me out. By the way, in '38 I met my old sergeant in the Kotlas transit camp. He'd gotten ten years too. Well, I got to know from him that this Colonel and his commissar were both shot in '37. It didn't make much difference then whether they were proletarians or kulaks, whether they had a conscience or not. . . . I crossed myself and said: 'There's a God in heaven after all. He's long-suffering, but when he hits you, it hurts.'" *(Praeger.)*

YOU COULD see a long way from up there—the whole snowclad, deserted expanse of the site (the *zeks* [prisoners] were hidden away, warming up before the dinner break ended), the dark watchtowers and the sharp-tipped poles for the barbed wire. You couldn't see the barbed wire itself except when you looked into the sun. The sun was very bright; it made you blink.

And also, not far away, you could see the portable generator smoking away, blackening the sky. And wheezing, too. It always made that hoarse, sickly noise before it whistled. There it went. So they hadn't, after all, cut too much off the dinner break. *(Dutton.)*

CAESAR was lolling in his chair at a table and smoking his pipe. . . . K-123 was sitting across from him. He was a scrawny old man who'd done twenty years. He was eating mush. "You're wrong, pal," Caesar was saying. . . . "One must say in all objectivity that Eisenstein is a genius. Now isn't 'Ivan the Terrible' a work of genius? The *oprichniki* dancing in masks! The scene in the Cathedral!" "All show-off!" K-123 snapped. "Too much art is no art at all. . . ." "But what other treatment of the subject would have been let through . . .?" "Ha! Let *through*, you say? Then don't call him a genius! Call him a toady, say he carried out orders like a dog. A genius doesn't adapt his treatment to the taste of tyrants!" . . . "But listen! It's not *what* but *how* that matters in art." K-123 jumped up and banged his fist on the table. "No! Your *how* can go to hell if it doesn't raise the right feelings in me!" *(Praeger.)*

FOR TWO months the unfinished structure had stood in the snow like a gray skeleton, just as it had been left. And now the 104th had arrived. What was it that kept their spirits up? Empty bellies, fastened tight with belts of rope! A splitting frost! Not a warm corner, not a spark of fire! But the 104th had arrived—and life had come back to the building. *(Dutton.)*

SHUKHOV sort of liked the way they pointed at him—the lucky guy nearly through with his sentence. But he didn't really believe it. Take the fellows who should've been let out in the war. They were all kept in till '46—"till further notice." And then those with three years who'd gotten five more slapped on. They twisted the law any way they wanted. You finished a ten-year stretch and they gave you another one. Or if not, they still wouldn't let you go home. . . . So you just went on living like this, with your eyes on the ground, and you had no time to think about how you got in and when you'd get out. *(Praeger.)*

THE PRISONERS sat around, some on the slabs, some on forms, some straight on the ground. A tongue doesn't wag in the morning; everyone sat silent, locked in thought. Fetiukov, the jackal, had been collecting cigarette butts (he even fished them out of the spitoons, he wasn't fussy), and now he was breaking them up and filtering the unsmoked tobacco onto a piece of paper. Fetiukov had three children at home but when he was sentenced they'd disclaimed him and his wife had married again. So he got no help from anywhere. *(Dutton.)*

THEY'D given Kilgas twenty-five years. In the good old days it was always ten. But in 1949 they started slapping on twenty-five, regardless. Maybe you could last ten years and still come out of it alive, but how the hell could you get through twenty-five? *(Praeger.)*

PEOPLE imagine that the package a man gets is a sort of nice, tight sack he

(*Continued on page* 40)

slapped on another . . . he'd lost all his hair because of the good life. . . . You could see his mind was set on one thing—never to give in."

Though it does have a message, "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich" is certainly not just a fictionalized pamphlet. All the aspects of the story, told with great narrative skill, are fused by a sustained emotion. Moreover, we have here a new facet to that peculiar and disturbing Russian tradition of realism, which began with Gogol's "The Overcoat" and Dostoevsky's "The Poor Folk": recent Soviet reality has proved so fantastic that Solzhenitsyn had no need to resort to either fantasy or introspection.

Ivan Denisovich's fight for survival, his concentration on the bare necessities of life, and the ruses he practices to obtain that extra bite of food or bit of tobacco would be comic if they were not so tragic. And, unexpectedly, "One Day" develops a pathos somehow akin to, though very differently stated from, that in "Waiting for Godot," by Samuel Beckett. I have particularly in mind the deeply poignant and quietly shattering impasse facing Ivan Denisovich when "he didn't know any longer himself whether he wanted freedom or not." Freedom for him meant home, but he was not certain that he would be allowed home on the expiration of his ten-year sentence because "they drive you into exile"; and he wasn't so sure that living in exile would be better than just existing in the camp. Incidentally, this passage in the otherwise excellent Praeger edition needs the reinsertion of a missing sentence.

Freedom and tyranny are touched on. However, it is the sense of injustice that figures most pervasively in the novel. Ivan Denisovich Shukhov, the humble carpenter and wartime soldier, a Soviet "Everyman," was given his stretch for loyally escaping in 1942 from his German captors and for rejoining the Red Army. But he was accused of being an enemy agent—like so many other innocent Russian soldiers. No wonder Ivan asks, like a Soviet Job, "But why am I here? Because they didn't get ready for the war like they should've in '41? Was that *my* fault?" The injustice he suffers is by no means unique, for he is surrounded by many other victims: Baptists in for twenty-five years; a naval captain, Buynovsky, condemned to twenty-five years for receiving a present from an English admiral; all sorts of Estonians, Letts, Moldavians, Hungarians, and West Ukrainians, one of whom had been slightly involved with the anti-Soviet guerrilla leader Bendera (in the Dutton edition confused with some general who had gone over to the Germans). There is also

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in the camp a type of prisoner described as a *nedohodyaga,* translated as "loafer" in the Dutton edition, and as a "goner" in the Praeger edition. Unfortunately, the sense of the word is more sinister than "loafer." It suggests a prisoner who is on his last legs and will not survive.

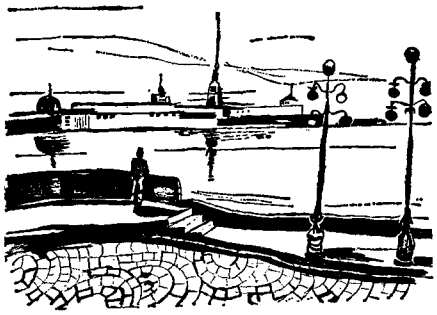
It is regrettable that "Caesar" should be rendered in the Dutton edition as "Tsezar." The play on the word "Caesar" enriches and deepens the sense of the text, for this is the name of a prisoner who is a deft manipulator. He also defends "Ivan the Terrible." "Caesar," therefore, stands out in comic contrast to the spiritually pure Alyosha the Baptist, who indefatigably tries to convert the carpenter Ivan. We might perhaps read deeper into these unexpected parallels.

Since we are faced with two competing editions of the novel, I must say that I prefer the Praeger translation by Max Hayward and Ronald Hingley, both of Oxford University, to the Dutton version—by Ralph Parker of Moscow. In its economy of phrasing, rhythm, and idiomatic expression, the Hayward-Hingley text conveys more nearly the vivid simplicity and movement of the original. Having read the Russian text, I must also add that "One Day" is difficult to translate, for it has in it much peasant dialect, camp slang, and construction jargon. Inevitably, there are slips in both versions, but rather more in the Dutton one. There is a colorful exclamation of political disgust, which I would translate literally as "Pepper and poppyseed instead of our daily bread!" (See Dutton page 84; Praeger page 96.) Both versions miss the echo of the Lord's Prayer here. In the Biblical references Mr. Parker, in general, seems to prefer giving his own transliterations. And I am puzzled as to why, on the penultimate page, he omits "Socialist Way of Life" in a passage with ironic overtones: "Shukhov went to sleep fully content. He'd had many strokes of luck that day; they hadn't put him in the cells; they hadn't sent him to the [Socialist Way of Life] settlement. . . ."

Who is Alexander Solzhenitsyn? He has the face of a man who has suffered. And he is a new name in Soviet literature. Born in 1918, he was graduated in mathematics at Rostov University, though he also studied literature there. He was mobilized into the army in 1941, decorated at the front, and promoted to the rank of captain. Then, in 1945, an unguarded word—and an eight-year sentence in penal camps, three more years of exile, and finally, in 1956, freedom to settle in Ryazan, where he married and began to teach physics and mathematics in a secondary school. But he could not place his novel until Mr. Tvardovsky arranged for its publication. "This bitterness and pain," the Russian editor commented at the time, "do not convey a feeling of utter despair." Solzhenitsyn impresses one as a stoic with a subtle sense of humor, as a man who accepts and values life with an almost peasant tenacity. He will certainly be heard of again.

There is much more to be said about Alexander Solzhenitsyn and his novel. A sort of victory has been won. The author is out of the penal camp. He has given testimony, which many other released Ivans will also appreciate. We are grateful to him for this, and for his unforgettable novel, which I have no hesitation in recommending to the widest possible public. I hope it will be read attentively by everyone.

Encounter and Discovery



—*From the book.*

"Voices in the Snow: Encounters with Russian Writers," by Olga Andreyev Carlisle *(Random House. 224 pp. $4.95), records talks with Sholokhov, Ehrenburg, Pasternak, and such promising younger authors as Yevtushenko and Voznesensky. Books by New York Times correspondent Harrison E. Salisbury include "A New Russia?" and "The Northern Palmyra Affair."*

By HARRISON E. SALISBURY

THE SPECIAL magic of "Voices in the Snow" is a little hard to capture. Ostensibly it is the story of Russia's writers, artists, and poets, young and old, who constitute what might be called the New Wave in Soviet art and letters.

Yet the book is much, much more. It must be read and perceived to be felt fully. It has a quicksilver sensitivity, a rare quality of nostalgia and *déjà vu,* and a warm excitement that creates an enchantment of an unusual kind.

These qualities of "Voices in the Snow" arise from a combination of factors—the taste and insight of the author; her natural rapport with the brilliant, intense, often contradictory young people who are transforming the Soviet artistic world; her respect for Russian letters and the Russian heritage; her remarkable credentials as the granddaughter of Leonid Andreyev, a distant descendant of the poet Schevchenko, the daughter of a poet, child of a family studded with names engraved in the roles of Russia's liberals and rebels; the product of a French childhood in which Gorky, Tolstoy, Blok, Babel, Poplavsky, Tsvetayeva, Remizov, Berdyaev, Ehrenburg, and scores of others were household figures or names of closest intimacy. Moreover, Mrs. Carlisle is an artist and has a painter's quick eye for details, for colors, for mood.

In January 1960 Mrs. Carlisle went to Moscow for the first time. It was both a voyage of discovery and a "return" to cities, sights, and sounds that had been familiar through the tales of her family, the poetry she learned as a child, and the paintings and artifacts of Russia that filled the houses and apartments of the Russian colony in Paris.

In Moscow and Leningrad she had a series of extraordinary experiences. She became friends with Yevtushenko and, through him, spent evening after evening, often until close to dawn, talking, listening, and arguing with the young writers and artists of Russia—Andrei Voznesensky, probably a more brilliant poet than Yevtushenko; Ernst Neizvestny, a powerful young sculptor whose work has been the center of flaming controversy since 1959, and dozens of others.

She attended the public poetry readings that for the past five years have been not only a creative sensation but a growing political phenomenon. And, by virtue of long family associations, she was able to have extended and revealing talks with Mikhail Sholokhov, Ilya Ehrenburg, and the late Boris Pasternak.

Each of these men in his own way has made a contribution to contem-

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porary Russian letters that radically differs from that of his fellows. Sholokhov has little use for Ehrenberg or Pasternak. Ehrenburg and Pasternak were long friends, but at opposite poles in temperament.

Mrs. Carlisle's talks with Pasternak occurred not many weeks before his last illness. She presents a tender portrait of the great poet, a memento of the few grandfatherly-granddaughterly hours they spent together.

But perhaps it is with the new intelligentsia that Mrs. Carlisle is most successful. These are the young people who may well determine their country's fate. What are they like? What do they stand for?

She put the question to Yevtushenko, and he answered: "It is like trying to catch a flow of water in the palm of your hand. Most of it flows out but a little is retained in the cup of the hand. This is happening now. We and our children will eventually retain this little amount of water as against the main stream—but of course the ever increasing main stream is our first concern.

"The fact that the Soviet government has been able to open the world of good books to the masses of people gives us faith in the future of Russia."

One puts down Mrs. Carlisle's book feeling that if there is to be a Russian future it will be constructed out of the dreams, hopes, and aspirations of Yevtushenko and his generation.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1018

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1018 will be found in the next issue.

MDHTH VQAH QF SKTH BHTTQRVH BDGO PHGBD, QB QF BDHO BDH BTYHFB EGVKT BK PGTH BK VQEH. BDKSGF RTKMOH.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1017

One should always play fairly when one has the winning cards.
—OSCAR WILDE.

INSIDE TYRANNY

Two for Terror

"The Brutal Friendship: Mussolini, Hitler and the Fall of Italian Fascism," by F. W. Deakin *(Harper & Row. 896 pp. $10.95), makes use of previously unpublished source materials in chronicling events that led to the collapse of Il Duce. Walter Guzzardi, Jr., associate editor of Fortune magazine, was formerly Time's bureau chief in Rome.*

By WALTER GUZZARDI, JR.

AS PRESENT-DAY critics we are preoccupied with the current spate of sick novels and nihilist dramas. But when critics of the future look back over their shoulders they will probably discount these outpourings as mere ailing appurtenances. They will be more likely to concentrate their attentions on our healthier and more meritorious (and often more literary) efforts in the field of history. Some superb history—from vignettes to full-blown reinterpretations of whole epochs—has been written in the past couple of decades; to the surprise of many a scholar, the dry materials of history have proved ready tinder for some fine and fiery prose.

British writers, beginning with eminent figures like Sir Arthur Bryant, have made a distinguished contribution to this eloquent recasting of the past. Now another Englishman, F. W. Deakin, has added an authoritative history of Mussolini, Hitler, and the fall of Italian Fascism which he appositely entitles "The Brutal Friendship," a quotation from a speech Hitler made on the eve of his regime's collapse. Deakin, an associate of Sir Winston Churchill—a man who wrote history as flamboyantly as he made it—describes himself in an autobiographical appendage as "a soldier and a diplomat." That duality of interest has enabled him to write with knowledge and competence about both the political and the military events that led to the fall of Il Duce and speeded the end of Der Fuehrer. Much of the new material to which Deakin has had access evidently comes from Italian sources, especially from the archives of the old Palazzo Chigi and the present Ministry of Foreign Affairs; but he has also studied microfilms of unpublished source material from the German Foreign Office. He has quoted at length

—*Wide World.*

Mussolini and Hitler parting after Conference at Brenner Pass—no sparks.

from all this new stuff that history is made of.

But much of the new material is inconclusive and even pointless. Competent as his scholarship is, Deakin has been unable to weave his fresh information into an interesting or original new carpet of interpretation. "The Brutal Friendship" is very long—almost 900 pages, in a print that is too small for comfort. It is unadorned with maps, photographs, or other leaven. Quotations from letters and documents run on too long, and lose the edge that a sharp editorial pencil might have given to them. For all his fifteen years of proximity to Sir Winston, Deakin never learned to round a phrase, to create an atmosphere, or to make an adjective resound across a corridor of history.

Not even the famous meeting of Fascism's Grand Council, when Count Dino Grandi challenged the authority of Il Duce, elicits sparks from Deakin's pen. The chapter on this meeting begins with a disappointing and mediocre quotation from Mussolini, and it ends just as colorlessly with a notation from the author that "the debate of the last meeting of the Grand Council had lasted . . . for nearly ten hours." And there are other times when the author seems curiously myopic in his perception of where the drama of history lies:

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his account of Mussolini's last night at Dongo, and the assassination the next day of Mussolini and his mistress, Clara Petacci, is bobtailed (despite the length given to less intriguing episodes) with the explanation that "The manner of [Mussolini's] sentence, and the responsibility of individuals, are of little import, as are the details of his death." Most of contemporary Italy, which has been fascinated by the role of the Communists in the assassination of Il Duce, by the pathetic and at the last heroic figure of Claretta, and by the mystery of the fabled gold of Dongo, would certainly disagree with that judgment.

Yet this remains a workmanlike volume. It will survive as a useful reference book on the period. It is ably organized, thorough, and dispassionate; and it accomplishes the goal that Deakin delineates for himself in his preface: "The prime and humble duty of the student of history is to establish the elementary record before it is dissipated." That much the British writer has assuredly done. But one remains disappointed in "The Brutal Friendship" when it is compared with the contemporary work of other historians.

The Party and Other Loves

"The Early Goebbels Diaries: 1925-1926," edited by Helmut Heiber, *translated by Oliver Watson (Praeger. 156 pp. $5.50), gives an insider's view of struggles within the Nazi Party when Hitler was vying with Gregor Strasser for its control. Telford Taylor wrote "Sword and Swastika."*

By TELFORD TAYLOR

JOSEPH GOEBBELS was an inveterate and, as this volume abundantly demonstrates, an incorrigible diarist. His motivation seems to have been both practical and personal, for he used some of his notes as the basis for autobiographical publications, while others—including many of those herein—are so nauseatingly self-revelatory that they must have served primarily as a sort of psychological cathartic.

The entries included in this book cover the period from August 12, 1925, to October 30, 1926, during which Goebbels was a Nazi Party functionary in the Rhineland, with his headquarters at Elberfeld. They end just before Goebbels moved to Berlin as newly-appointed *Gauleiter* there, and immediately precede the entries beginning on November 9, 1926, which Goebbels utilized for his book "The Struggle for Berlin," published in 1932. Other diaries covering the period January 1, 1932, to May 1, 1933, were edited and published by Goebbels under the title "From the Kaiserhof to the Reich Chancellery," and he also used some entries from 1919 and 1920 in his novel "Michael," published in 1929. No other diaries have come to light, except those dating from January 21, 1942, to December 9, 1943. Selections from these, of great historical value, were published in a translation by Louis Lochner in 1948.

The entries from 1925 and 1926 are now published in full for the first time, but they are not newly discovered. They were obtained in Germany by ex-President Herbert Hoover in 1946, and the manuscript has since then reposed in the Hoover Institution at Stanford University. Selected entries were quoted by Lochner in his introduction to the 1942-1943 volume, and others were used in the German edition of Roger Manvell and Heinrich Fraenkel's biography "Dr. Goebbels," published in English here in 1960.

For the historian, the main interest of this book is the light it sheds on the internal struggles with which the Nazi Party was then afflicted, and the manner in which Goebbels was drawn from Gregor Strasser to Hitler. At that time Hitler's control from Munich over the Party units in northern Germany was by no means complete. Goebbels had attached himself to the anti-Munich left wing of the Party ("I think it is horrible that we and the Communists bash in each other's heads," he wrote in January 1926); and at the Party conference in February 1926, at Bamberg, Goebbels was deeply upset by Hitler's anti-Russian attitude: "Probably one of my greatest disappointments. I can no longer believe in Hitler absolutely."

But Goebbels also became aware that Hitler was head and shoulders above Strasser as an orator and leader, and a few weeks later, during a visit to Munich, *der schöne Adolf* charmed and dazzled Goebbels, as he did so many others. By the fall Goebbels was in the Fuehrer's pocket, and on November 1st he went to Berlin as Hitler's designee as *Gauleiter*.

The printing of these early diaries in full reflects credit chiefly on the publisher, who surely must have undertaken this venture *pro bono publico* rather than for commercial motives. There is little in these notes of thirty-five years past to interest the general reader, and no one in his senses will find the contents attractive. No touch of charm or humor alleviates the constant, vulgar dramatization, and a layer of mawkish sludge coats every page. A sample:

> I am yearning for Else. When shall I have her in my arms again? . . . Alma, you lithe lovely flower! Anka, I shall never forget you! And yet I am now all alone! . . . I yearn for a sweet woman! Oh torturing pain! Do you call that life? . . . I am writing an article. Look out, you curs. When the devil in me is let loose you can't tame him. . . . To Erfurt! Again a thundering audience. I elegantly unhorse two Communists. . . . Bärbel Kerling is some girl. . . . Else came on Sunday morning. . . . I am beginning to live again! I am a human being again! I wallow in this peace! Beautiful holiday! Man is a beast. . . . I shall see my Heidelberg again. Anka! Anka! . . .

—*Wide World.*

Mussolini, Goebbels, and Hitler—"in the Fuehrer's pocket."

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Mystique of Victory

"The Roman Triumph," by Robert Payne *(Abelard-Schuman. 256 pp. $5), examines the psychological implications of the ceremonial honors accorded victorious generals in the Rome of the Caesars. Michael Grant is president and vice-chancellor of The Queen's University in Belfast, Northern Ireland. He is the author of "The World of Rome."*

By MICHAEL GRANT

—*From the book.*

Scene from "Triumphus Caesaris," by Jacobus Argentoratensis.

ROBERT PAYNE is an unusually versatile author who, in addition to his works on China and Russia, has written vigorously on ancient Troy, Greece, and Rome. In this book he returns to the Romans, and has fastened on the triumph as the key to their story and character. "There is a sense in which all Roman history revolves round the festival of Triumph," he says. ". . . the most solemn of their mysteries, the one closest to the ethos of the nation: a blinding thing, with many facets, and each facet illuminated some strange corner of the Roman soul."

It is with an eye on these psychological aspects that Mr. Payne studies this magnificent and rather horrifying institution and traces it from legendary times on through the many wars of ancient Rome; on again to its Christian adaptations (for example, in churches with their triumphal arches); its revivals by Holy Roman emperors and in Mantegna's "Triumph of Julius Caesar" at Hampton Court; its allegories, such as Botticelli's "Triumph of Faith" and Petrarch's "Triumph of Death"; and so down to whatever pomp and circumstances we feel we can allow ourselves, without risking Nemesis or bankruptcy, in this more circumspect age.

But Nemesis could not be quite forgotten even by the most arrogant ancient Roman *triumphator*. For, as his prisoners marched before him up to the Capitol, the purple-clad, laureled victor was accompanied in his chariot by a slave. The slave held a golden crown over the successful warrior's head, but it was also his duty to whisper continuously into his ear a warning that all glory is transient—in the spirit of the baroque sculptors, from whose funeral monuments, however grandiosely ornate, there peeps a skull.

The Triumph was a time of manic excitement: after oceans of blood had been spilt, here, in the most public and blatant contrast of prosperity imaginable, the vanquished were juxtaposed with their vanquisher. As, surrounded by a host of ancient traditions and superstitions, this man approached the temple of Capitoline Jupiter, he was as high as any man could ever be. Perhaps this extraordinary, momentary, unspeakable glory was what caused a hundred Romans to fight for the imperial throne, even when a glance at the past fifty years could tell them that their chances of holding it for long were almost nonexistent.

Mr. Payne cleverly uses this phenomenon of the Triumph as the *motif* and pretext for a rapid and pleasantly unacademic run through the varied centuries of Roman history. He adds sixteen plates of photographs (including a few unusual ones), a plan of the processional route, an index, and an introductory quotation from Blake:

> The strongest poison ever known
> Came from Caesar's laurel crown.

For it is part of the author's purpose to remind us frequently that where there was such a brutally crude expression of exultancy all could not be well. Sometimes, he says, the *triumphator* must have sensed the odor of corruption in the air. Sometimes, perhaps; but not, I think, very often—not often enough, the Greeks probably thought, for they themselves, when entering an enemy city, were content to sing a religious hymn, the *thriambos*. But the Romans knew much more about public relations, and Triumphs and Victory Games were marvelous for morale.

We must be grateful to Mr. Payne for choosing this peculiar but significant subject and giving us so much food for thought.

Two of a Kind

By JOHN HOLMES

I ASKED the gentle chameleon that accommodates
The color of its life to loving's red,
Pride's blue, the loaded yellow of wealth,
Green for those who feel green, brown for dead,

If in his own sight he was no one, stained
With whoever he came to, mimic of any voice.
I turn me down to children, up to priests,
Sideways to taxi-drivers, slant my poise

So to lean sour, avuncular, or lewd.
A nine-faced liad puts everyone at ease.
I asked again. The lizard on my lapel,
Unchanged, seemed not one of my devotees.

And was not. He knew two of a kind had met.
One another's words were equable to translate.
"Curiosity," he said, "the spacious heart;
An unhurt citizenry of the single state;

A touch of the artist to the design," he said,
"The quirky selves we ill if we suppress;
And as for colors, I haven't tried them all,
If you know what I mean," and I said, "Yes."

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History Under Athens

"The Greek Stones Speak: The Story of Archaeology in Greek Lands," by Paul MacKendrick *(St. Martin's Press. 470 pp. $7.50), surveys all the major sites so far uncovered, from prehistoric times to Roman rule. Lionel Casson, professor of classics at New York University and director of the Summer Session of the American Academy in Rome, wrote "The Ancient Mariners," "Masters of Ancient Comedy," and other works dealing with the Greco-Roman world.*

By LIONEL CASSON

WHEN I opened Paul MacKendrick's earlier "The Mute Stones Speak," his account of Roman archeology, the title set my teeth on edge; but within a few pages the author had won me and held me. When I opened this book, I reacted the same way to the title—but this time MacKendrick took longer to win me, and he held me only sporadically. His pen, particularly good at taut narrative or lucid explanation of complicated matters, is as skilful as ever; what makes the difference is the diffusiveness of his new material.

When C. W. Ceram wrote "Gods, Graves, and Scholars," he took the cake of archeology's story and cut it into only a half dozen or so slices. He had none of MacKendrick's skill with words, he was no scholar (and MacKendrick is a good one); but he offered the material in big, generous portions, and, so taken, it made good reading. MacKendrick surveys practically every major site in the Greek world—which gives him a couple of dozen slices to begin with—for eight different periods: prehistory, the Bronze Age, the early Iron Age, Archaic Greece, Classical Greece, fourth-century Greece, the Hellenistic Age, and the Greek world under Rome. This chops his already thin slices into tiny morsels.

As a result, there is an unavoidable monotony in the book: for one place after another we are given the circumstances of discovery, a description of architecture, a list of major finds. The information is ample, accurate, up to date, and succinctly presented; but the book, though in no wise intended as a Baedeker, emerges as too Baedekerlike to serve as a provocative survey for the general reader.

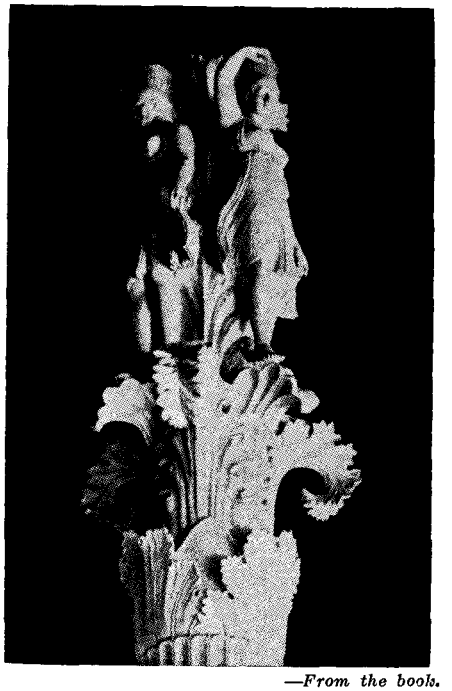
Then, too, there is the fact that MacKendrick has chosen to describe without synthesizing. What synthesis he gives is confined to a few paragraphs at the end of each chapter, which rarely rise above the level of journalism. We see trees but not the forest. Chapter 2, for example, dealing with Greece in the Bronze Age, takes us over the sites of Troy, Mycenae, Tiryns, Pylos, Orchomenos, Gla, Phylakopi, Knossos, Mallia, Tylissos, Gournia, Phaistos. For each we review the architecture, the pottery, the jewelry, the burials, and so on, with incidental comment here and there on their significance. But nowhere does MacKendrick draw a picture of the world of which all these places were part, nowhere does he survey the political relationships revealed by archeology (he has deliberately eschewed political history, and I think it was a mistake) or the large-scale cultural and economic interrelationships.

THIS is not to say that there aren't good things in "The Greek Stones Speak." There are plenty of them to be found, because of the nature of the approach, at miscellaneous points in the text. The description of the Cretan site of Karphi, abandoned probably because of an invasion, shows MacKendrick at his best, providing a rapid, exciting narrative. To his description of Pylos he adds an account, a model of lucidity, of the form of Greek writing known as Linear B and its decipherment. To his portrait of early fifth-century Athens he adds a highly informative account of how Athens's famous silver mines operated. There is an excellent résumé of the delicate adjustments in line and dimensions that make a Greek temple a thing of beauty.

Throughout, his enthusiasm and skilful pen quicken into life the most prosaic material. Moreover, the reader hears of sites just as interesting as the more publicized places but not often brought to his attention, and the coverage is absolutely current (see, *e.g.*, the descriptions of Morgantina, of Samothrace, of the marine railway over the Corinthian Isthmus. I find only two serious omissions: there is no mention of the Greco-Roman sites in Egypt, such as Karanis and Oxyrhynchus, which by yielding up thousands of Greek papyri have given us a vivid slice of ancient life; and there is no mention of the unique contributions of underwater archeology. Both these topics would, moreover, have added variety to a steady diet of architecture, pottery, tombs.

MACKENDRICK is a careful scholar. Though he covers a period of three millennia and deals with thousands of facts, his work is thorough and accurate. (I noticed only a few, and minor, slips: St. George did not become a killer of monsters until long after the fourth century A.D.; the Rural Dionysia were held at many places besides Halae; there was only one Corinthian capital at Bassae, on a free-standing column; "sunny realism" —a favorite phrase of the author's— hardly applies to Sophocles, the creator of the agonized Oedipus and the grim Electra; the manuscript of Menander's newly discovered play was not the result of a chance find in a Swiss antiquary's shop, but was purchased from clandestine dealers after delicate private negotiations.)

The volume is profusely illustrated with pictures and plans; but the publisher has done the author a great disservice in reproducing the photographs by offset, so that all are dull and many are muddy, and in so drastically reducing the plans that some cannot be read without a magnifying glass.



—From the book.

Acanthus column, restored, with dancing girls (now at Delphi Museum).

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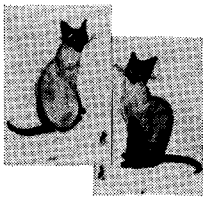

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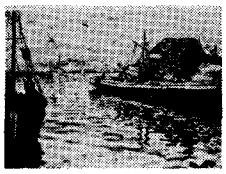

P-970. JOSEPH MARGULIES: *BACK IN PORT.* This beautifully reproduced print evokes all the nostalgic charm of a color-laden harbor with its sunny shades of blue, mauve, green, yellow, brown and red, 20½" high x 28¼" wide picture area. *Orig $10.00.* *Only* **2.98**

P-945. PICASSO: *PIERROT.* The artist's son Paul, at age four, in white-and-charcoal clown costume against background of red, deep green, brown, and pale blue. 23" x 17" silk-screen. *Special* **2.98**

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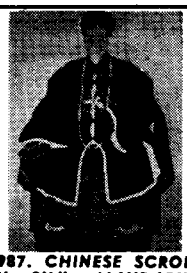

P-987. *CHINESE SCROLL ON SILK: MANDARIN.* Gold, red, greens, yellows, blues, ivory, black. Silk-screened on silk. Dowels and ribbon for frameless hanging. 42" x 30". *Special* **9.95**

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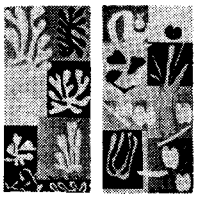
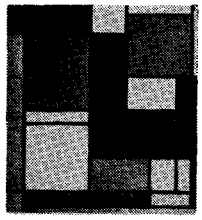
P-944. PICASSO: *HARLEQUIN.* The artist's son Paul, at age three, in blue and yellow Harlequin costume on dark green chair against beige background. Silk-screen 23" x 17". *Special* **2.98**



P-736. MATISSE MURALS. Two late works, *Snow Flowers* and *Vegetables*, each 35½" x 14". White flowers against green, orange, maroon, beige. Vegetables in white, green, yellow, blue. Silk-screen. *The pair, special* **3.98**

P-972. CHINESE HORSE ON SILK. Charger in coal black, metallic gold, olive green and charcoal gray, silk-screened on pale gray silk. 37" x 29½". *Special* **5.95**

P-963. UTRILLO: *STREET IN MONTMARTRE.* Superbly silk-screened in white, gray, blue. Accents of yellow, pink, green, red. 17" x 21". *Special* **3.95**



P-895. MONDRIAN: *TABLEAU II.* Superb silk screen duplicating the clear shades of red, yellow, blue, pale gray and beige. Original in a private European collection. 18" x 16" picture area. *Special* **2.98**

P-897. ROUAULT: *YOUNG GIRL.* A fine silk-screen reproduction of this modern masterpiece, in glowing tones of red, yellow, flesh color, blue and green, set off by bold black outlines and a soft gray border. 22" high x 16½" wide overall picture area. *Special* **3.95**

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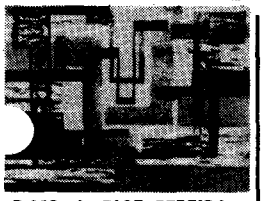
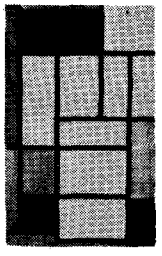
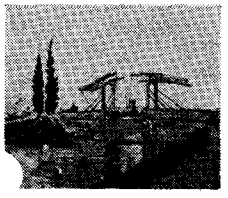


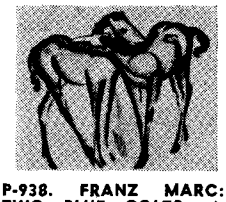
P-999. I. RICE PEREIRA: *LANDSCAPE OF THE ABSOLUTE.* The cutting of the silk screens for this reproduction was supervised by the artist himself. Blues are highlighted with strong white. 20" x 25". *Orig. $20.00.* *Only* **6.95**



P-979. MONDRIAN: COMPOSITION IN PRIMARY COLORS. Red, yellow, bright blue and deep blue against black, gray, white. Silk-screen. 22" x 13¾". *Special* **2.98**

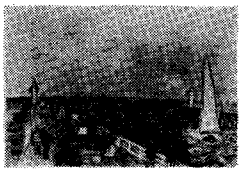


P-964. VAN GOGH: *DRAWBRIDGE AT ARLES.* A superb silk-screen reproduction of this dynamic landscape. Vibrant tones of blue, yellow, green with touches of red. 22" x 17". *Special* **3.95**

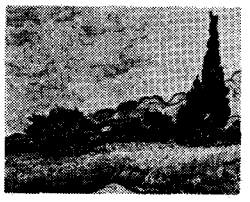


P-938. FRANZ MARC: *TWO BLUE COLTS.* A beautifully silk-screened reproduction, duplicating the exact tones of blue in the horses, with black and gray outlines and yellow-green fronds against a rich creamy background. 18" high x 20" wide. *Special* **2.98**

P-824. KLEE: BIRD GARDEN. A delightful arrangement of red and white birds among plants of pale and medium blues, blue-green and green, set off by the yellow and tan gate and rich red-brown background. Silk-screen. 17" x 23¾". *Special* **3.95**



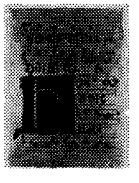
P-997. DUFY: *DEAUVILLE.* Yellow and green boat, blue-green sea, blue sky, warm sandy shore, and colorfully dressed strollers. Silk screen 17" x 25". *Special* **3.95**



P-981. VAN GOGH: *CORNFIELD AND CYPRESS.* The warm tones of yellow, green, blue, mauve and gray evoke the mood of the countryside Van Gogh knew and loved. Silk screen; 20¼" x 26". *Special* **4.95**

P-962. UTRILLO: *SNOW IN MONTMARTRE.* A winter landscape of crystalline purity. White, gray and blue predominate with accents of green, red, pink and yellow. Silk-screen; 17" x 21". *Special* **3.95**

P-958. MUSICIANS. This handsome sixteenth-century woodcut panel is silk-screened onto a special, handmade rice paper. White figures are outlined in brown against a metallic gold background. A splendid print in keeping with the newest decorator trends; ideal for modern, traditional or period room. 10¼" high x 31¼" wide picture area. *Special* **2.98**



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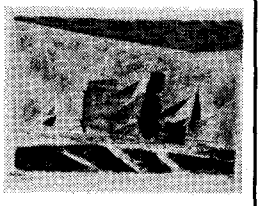
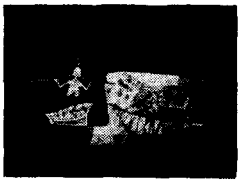
P-995. VAN GOGH: *HOUSES AT AUVERS, 1890.* Blues, blue-greens and greens contrast with reds, burnt-orange and browns. Silk-screen. 26" x 20". *Special* **5.95**



P-986. FEININGER: *VISION OF THE BARQUE.* The sails and ship are in warm tones of yellow and brown, the rough sea is blue and gray, reflecting the sky. Silk-screen. 19" x 26" picture area. *Special* **3.95**

P-954. FRANZ MARC: *RED DEER.* A splendid silk-screen reproduction of these graceful animals, duplicating exactly the rich warm shades of red, blue, blue-green, orange, yellow and yellow-green. 16" high x 23" wide. *Special* **2.98**



P-865. KLEE: SINBAD THE SAILOR. The famous *Arabian Nights* hero in blues from sky to midnight, highlighted with vivid pinks, marigold, red, white, black and warm orange. Silk screen. 16½" x 23". *Special* **3.95**

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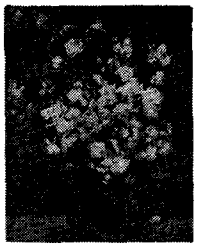
P-996. VAN GOGH: *ROAD WITH CYPRESSES.* Deep blue-green trees, lighter sky, and vivid yellows in the field. Silk-screen. 26" x 20". *Special* **5.95**

P-989. DUFY: *RIVIERA.* A striking seascape in blues, greens and mauve, with touches of red, yellow, black and white. Silk screen. 21½" high x 26" wide picture area. *Special* **3.95**

P-956. GOTHIC BRASS RUBBINGS. A pair of black and white rubbings of these engraved brass cathedral slabs now in the Victoria and Albert Museum, showing a knight and his lady *c.* 1405. Silk screen. Each is 38¾" x 11½". *The pair* **2.98**

P-815. SAHARA ROCK PAINTING. One of the most beautiful of the magnificent prehistoric Tassili rock frescoes, only recently discovered in the Sahara. Cattle in greens, browns, purples and reds, against a soft beige background. Silk-screen; 42" x 14". *Special* **5.95**



P-991. VAN GOGH: *WHITE ROSES.* White flowers, dark blue-green vase, and yellow-green as background. 25" x 20" silk screen. *Special* **4.95**

P-985. FRANZ MARC: *YELLOW HORSES.* A superb silk-screen reproduction of this masterpiece with many cheerful tones of yellow, ranging from pale to deep, and green, blues, pink and magenta forming the background. 18" x 27" picture area. *Special* **3.95**

P-953. FRANZ MARC: *RED HORSES.* By modern German master of animal studies. Brilliant reds, blues, blue-greens, yellow and yellow-greens on an orange background. Silk screen. 15" x 23". *Special* **2.98**

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10-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

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Gentleman from Virginia

"Lee After the War," by Marshall W. Fishwick *(Dodd, Mead. 242 pp. $4), finds the Southern general's outstanding qualities in his character rather than in his military achievements. Ari Hoogenboom, associate professor of American history at Pennsylvania State University, is completing a pilot study in Civil War bureaucracy that will be entitled "Fox of the Union Navy."*

By ARI HOOGENBOOM

MY WIFE, once a displaced Southerner who as a child walked the streets of Boston searching for a bust of Lee, is no longer so keen on the general. Neither are historians. Robert E. Lee is in eclipse; he has spent the last decade in the shadow of Ulysses S. Grant. A triumvirate of Civil War military historians—Kenneth P. Williams, Bruce Catton, and T. Harry Williams—is responsible for the change, hailing Grant as a superior strategist whose broad vision encompassed the whole struggle. The magisterial volumes on Lee and his lieutenants written by Douglas Southall Freeman twenty to thirty years ago have dimmed Lee as a personality in this generation. Freeman's works are so good that no one is likely to redo them; and interest in a historic figure in any given generation is roughly proportionate to the bulk of current literature devoted to him.

"Lee After the War" will not add to the Southern general's military reputation. Marshall W. Fishwick, professor of American Studies at Washington and Lee University, agrees that Lee was myopic and astigmatic in his infrequent glances beyond the borders of Virginia. Although he was an outstanding field commander, Mr. Fishwick thinks he was too much of a gentleman to be "a Caesar, a Napoleon, a Rommel, or . . . a Grant." Lee's tragic flaw lay in yielding to his less talented lieutenants—such as the obstinate Longstreet—rather than molding or shaping their opinions to fit his own. Lee's true greatness, Mr. Fishwick argues, is not to be found in his military prowess but rather in his character. As president of Washington College in Lexington, Virginia, he achieved "an inner resignation which was more impressive, in perspective, than all the victories he and Jackson ever won." The validity of this contention depends on values, and can be neither proved nor disproved.

Despite his rational declaration that "we must get past Lee the Guardian Angel" and avoid excessive adulation, Mr. Fishwick is "enthralled" by Lee. It is not, however, the military exploits that especially enthrall him but rather Lee's humility, his moderation, his lack of bitterness, defiance, or vengefulness, his resignation to reality, his generosity, his devotion to duty, and his Christianity. And it is in his Christianity that Mr. Fishwick finds Lee's "central pivot." An extremely pious Low Church Episcopalian, Lee was not concerned with theology or doctrine. The struggle between science and religion following the publication of Darwin's "Origin of Species" affected him not. He was at heart an "ardent revivalist," as a general more concerned with saving souls than winning battles, and, as a college president, more concerned with converting students than educating them. Believing that God intervened in everyday affairs, Lee felt it presumptuous to question what had happened. Thinking that slavery and secession were wrong, he fought for both because of his devotion to Virginia. His prayer "May He in His great mercy shield us from the calamity our sins have produced" was guilt-ridden. To Lee, defeat was the judgment of the Lord—a defeat produced by Confederate sins.

SINCE "his is the mystery of no mystery," Lee is baffling and exasperating to the student. Mr. Fishwick observes that Henry Adams's impression of Lee's son, Rooney, at Harvard also fits the general: "The habit of command was not enough, and the Virginian had little else. He was simply beyond analysis; so simple that even the simple New England student could not realize him."

Mr. Fishwick's self-appointed task is well-nigh impossible. He is using material carefully worked over by that master biographer, Freeman, and he introduces little that Freeman omits. There is also a shortage of primary sources for these postwar years: Lee wrote few letters and was extremely aloof; his closest confidants were God and his horse Traveller. Consequently, Mr. Fishwick has been forced to rely heavily on anecdotes that are all adulatory; to speculate on what Lee "must have thought," only to confess that we shall never really know, and to use a great deal of background material that puts Lee out of focus. For example, Mr. Fishwick discusses (in traditionally hostile terms) the Radical Reconstruction of the various states Lee visited after the war, but observes that Lee "would not engage in any local social and political wrangling." There is a a complete chapter devoted to Lincoln in which Lee fades into the background.

Mr. Fishwick justifies the writing of this book on the ground that we have changed in the thirty years since

"By now, haven't we got enough status to move *out* of Westport?"

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Freeman's "Lee." "What does Lee mean for us," he queries, "in a world of missiles and astronauts?" Although Mr. Fishwick does not directly answer question, Lee may have answered it himself when he stated, "The great mistake of my life was taking a military education." Scholars will find little that is new in this volume; but moderate Southerners will enjoy it, and rabid Southerners may profit by Robert E. Lee's example of resignation to the inevitable during the Reconstruction period.

The Uncelebrated Soldier

"Kearny the Magnificent: The Story of General Philip Kearny, 1815-1862," by Irving Werstein *(John Day. 248 pp. $5), depicts a dashing Union hero who was killed by Confederate soldiers before he could receive the recognition for which he had always yearned. Frank Vandiver wrote "Jubal's Raid," "Mighty Stonewall," and other books.*

By FRANK VANDIVER

PHIL KEARNY ranked as a soldier's soldier, a model *beau sabreur* in the best nineteenth-century style. His story is a natural for any biographer.

Richly born, Kearny grew up in New York and New Jersey, endured a dramatic fight with his business-minded father over the virtues of a legal career, and finally marched off to a lifelong quest for martial glory. His uncle, Stephen Watts Kearny, helped him get a commission in the First United States Dragoons—the Army's best.

A stint at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, was followed by an assignment in France to study tactics and prepare a cavalry manual for the United States Army. Kearny's personality fitted him well for the French mission. Bold, dashing, fiercely handsome, wealthy, he cut an impressive figure at the Saumur cavalry school. Lavish entertaining gained him the affection of France's nobility, and an appointment to the First *Chasseurs d'Afrique* in the Algerian troubles of 1839. In Africa his bravery against tough Arab tribesmen won the lasting admiration of the *Chasseurs* and a Cross of the Legion of Honor.

Back in the United States, Kearny's urge to excitement was not relieved by a fashionable marriage nor by staff duty in Washington. Phil burned for adulation and promotion, and when these did come he decided to leave the peacetime Army. The Mexican War rescued him; at last he did heroic deeds in battle and basked in General Scott's personal approval.

A few years of tame duty ended with orders to command an expedition against the Rogue River Indians in Oregon Territory, but efficient service again brought no recognition. In 1851 he resigned from the Army and returned to France: perhaps there, amidst romantic friends, he could find appreciation.

He found romance at any rate in the person of Agnes Maxwell, a lovely American girl. Although Kearny was still married, he and Agnes lived together happily in Paris and later in America. A divorce and a second marriage finally legitimized this Continental episode.

War remained Kearny's real passion. In 1859 he again joined the *Chasseurs*, fought valiantly at Solferino, and won another Cross of the Legion of Honor from Louis Napoleon. In 1861, he left his "second country" and tried to join the Union Army.

But his candor had offended many U. S. Army men, and his private life brought envious disapproval. Finally he secured command of the New Jersey brigade, and did well on the Virginia Peninsula. When the Seven Days Battles ended, Kearny, now commanding a division, went to aid General John Pope at Second Manassas. After the battle Kearny covered the Union retreat toward Washington. In a sharp fight with Stonewall Jackson's Corps near Chantilly, September 1, 1862, he accidentally rode into the Confederate lines and was killed. Rumor had it that at that moment he was about to receive the fullest meed of recognition—promotion to command of the Army of the Potomac.

Such a subject could hardly miss at a biographer's hands. But Irving Werstein offers an oddly unbalanced book —one that suffers from hero worship and from too many details heaped on some phases of Kearny's life and too few on others. Sources may have been scant

(it is impossible to tell from the random sampling of books passing for a bibliography), but scarcity of material is hardly an excuse for such a gerrymandered narrative.

Apparently Mr. Werstein never quite decided what to do with Kearny's story —tell it in full, abridge it to the Civil War years, or slice it into a scenario. This is unfortunate, for the dashing Kearney never comes to life. The general remains a harried figure, striving still for recognition.

New Path

By Thomas Hornsby Ferril

THE echoing fire of sun gone down is on
The river, brazing even the undercut
Of ripple hid by grasses, and is gone.
I can remember it as golden but
It is not golden nor what salmon ought
To be, nor copper-saffron either; named
By any name of color, it is not.

Translate it by some grace I hold reclaimed
From nippings of the world?
The thing is framed
By what it is and what my eyes are seeing.

But I am not bewildered or ashamed,
I can resolve the glint into my being,
Ere waters glimmer down and dark close in,
To light some pale trace where I've never been.

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Captor of Crazy Horse

"The Unregimented General: A Biography of Nelson A. Miles," by Virginia Weisel Johnson *(Houghton Mifflin. 401 pp. $6.95), tells for the first time the full story of a crusty Indian fighter whose object was to win without carnage. Among David M. Potter's many books are "Trail to California: The Overland Diary of Vincent Geiger and Wakeman Bryarly."*

By DAVID M. POTTER

IN 1864 Nelson A. Miles, then aged twenty-four, became a brigadier general in the Union Army, having advanced from a volunteer lieutenancy in a period of less than three years. Forty years later he retired as a lieutenant general, after being for eight years commander of the United States Army. His career bracketed a whole epoch, and the young colonel who was shot in the throat at Fredericksburg lived to command the fort where Jefferson Davis was held prisoner. He headed the Army units that President Cleveland sent to Chicago at the time of the Pullman strike and occupied Puerto Rico during the Spanish-American War in a campaign that looked to Mr. Dooley, the sage saloon-keeper character created by Finley Peter Dunne, as easy as a "picnic and moonlight excursion" – primarily because Miles handled it with such superb skill.

The heart of Miles's career, however, was his service in the West during the Seventies and Eighties, when he became far and away the most successful of all the Indian fighters. Campaigning against the Sioux when they had terrorized the entire Northwest by their extermination of Custer's force at the Little Big Horn, he drove Sitting Bull into Canada and broke the power of Crazy Horse. Later, against the Nez Percés, he captured Chief Joseph, after Joseph had successfully eluded a large part of the Army. Later still, against the Apaches, he captured Geronimo.

Virginia W. Johnson, of Montana, the wife of a retired brigadier, has for the first time told the full story of Miles's life. Her straightforward book lacks literary finesse, and in some places lacks broad appreciation of the events of Miles's time, but it is written with verve and with understanding both of Miles as a person and of the West when he was there. It is also greatly enriched by the generous use of remarkable letters which Miles wrote to his wife and which his son has placed at the author's disposal.

The figure that emerges is an extraordinary one. In many ways Miles was what Nathaniel Hawthorne called a "bullet-headed general"—a self-made soldier, ever distrustful of West Point; a deeply conservative man in his attitudes, with more affinity for horses and dogs than for ideas; a contentious striver, obsessively pushing for promotion in season and out. He looked and doubtless intended to look like a brass hat. But no bureaucrat would ever have behaved as Miles did. He never shrank from risk, and his mid-winter campaign in Montana in '76-'77 was one of the epics in the history of human fortitude and stamina. Nc did he hesitate to blurt out the truth about mismanagement, no matter whose official toes were being trampled; it was he who denounced the "embalmed beef" that was sent to the soldiers in Cuba, and he used the terms "thieves and contractors" as if they were synonyms. He was utterly fearless in a fight, but his object always was to win without carnage. One of his great triumphs, the surrender of the Ghost Dancers in 1890, would have been as bloodless as his conquest of Puerto Rico if a stupid colonel, whom he instantly relieved of command, had not been trigger-happy. Although he dutifully fought the Indians in combat, he respected and sometimes admired them, while he hated the agents, contractors, land-grabbers, and other harpies who were reducing them to a desperation that forced them to revolt.

Miles's most spectacular battles were to subdue the Indians, but his longest and most stubborn contests were to induce the government to honor the terms on which he had accepted their surrender. His career was connected with a sordid chapter in American history, yet, paradoxically, his more bravery (which fully equaled his physical courage) and his refusal ever to temporize with incompetence, graft, and expediency were in the finest tradition of American idealism.

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To Talk of Many Things...

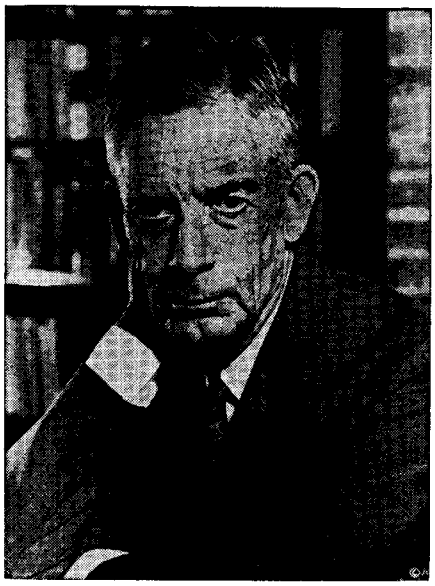
ARMAGEDDON DE LUXE: What would happen if the big bombs started falling? Answers have ranged from Pat Frank's very funny "Mr. Adam" to Nevil Shute's terrifying "On the Beach." In "**Triumph**" (Doubleday, $4.50) Philip Wylie, famous for his pessimism about momism, drops to the lowest pessimist level possible and warns that it would mean our country's horrible, absolute end.

Multimillionaire Vance Farr has an alcoholic wife and a beautiful daughter who is engaged to handsome playboy Kit but in love with homely Ben Bernman, Jewish atomic scientist who saved her life in an accident. Farr also has a luxurious Connecticut home and, with it, what the family calls Papa's Panic Palace. Farr trusts nobody—Kremlin promises, Army and Navy reassurances or, least of all, Washington administrations. Consequently he has built a shelter as deep down as the hinges of ...es—incorporating in it a tunnel leading him nightly to his mistress Angelica.

Two Negroes, the Jew, a Japanese, a Chinese, Kit, and the family are assembled when the sirens shriek out, and they will be joined by Angelica, her part-time boy friend, and two lost children. The elevator goes down, down, past huge steel doors that clang open and shut electrically, till they reach the Panic Palace, which has a great central hall, bedrooms, game room, Diesels, air conditioning, TV, swimming pool, liquor and food, even a Christmas tree.

That portion of us ill-clothed, ill-fed, ill-housed, and jobless might not mind an atomic war spent in these de luxe surroundings, especially if what we read about in the carefree press is so: two weeks underground, and then up and at 'em. But Wylie's war lasts a couple of years, during which the Russians blow us up, burn us up, and smother us, and we do the same to them. Only the smart Navy has a final trick up its braided sleeve that can mean "triumph" for our side.

Wylie's people aren't you may feel, the best Americans he could have saved. ...s too playboy, the alcoholic wife too implausible, Ben too saintly, everybody too loving or too hating in stressful moments. Nobody, Wylie argues, could be more villainous than the Russians, more gullible or stupid than our government.



Philip Wylie—no "I told you so."

But he also wishes atomic weapons could be discarded, a world government could be organized, and blacks and whites could live together amicably. So you'll go along with him on one page, not on another. But he has a plot, it unwinds fairly fast, and the subject matter is required reading. At least, if he's right, he'll never live to say, "I told you so." —W. G. ROGERS.

A KNIGHT IN ATHENS: Alfred Duggan's new novel is set in the thirteenth century in the Peloponnese, when most of Greece was ruled by Frankish knights and Athens was ruled by a French duke who maintained his court on the Acropolis. It was a very odd business indeed, and Mr. Duggan has the proper temperament for dealing with its oddities. Great men are not his forte. He has written about Heliogabalus, King Alfred, and Thomas à Becket, but rarely convincingly; a kind of schoolboyish irreverence kept creeping in, and he could not take them very seriously. But give him these preposterous Frankish knights with their high-sounding titles, their complicated rituals, their delight in their own prowess, and he is off on an enchanted journey to fairyland. We believe "**Lord Geoffrey's Fancy**" (Pantheon, $3.95) no more than we believe other fairy tales. What matters is that Mr. Duggan tells his story with charm and *brio* and unfailing gaiety.

The narrator of this extravaganza is a young Englishman, Sir William de Briwerr, the penniless scion of an aristocratic family from the Welsh Marches, who sets off to Greece to seek his fortune. He is soon taken into the service of Lord Geoffrey de Bruyere, who maintains a fortress and considerable estates in the central Peloponnese. Lord Geoffrey is "the best knight in all Romanie," and he wears a long silken surcoat and gold spurs "which never got in his way as he walked." Lord Geoffrey welcomes Sir William as a presumptive relative, for "Briwerr" and "Bruyere" have a common origin.

Almost at once Sir William marries Melisande, and is involved in the adventures of the Frankish knights. He is captured and imprisoned in Nicaea, thrown into jail again on the Acropolis, climbs down the walls on a rope, and successfully campaigns against Constantine Palaeologus, the brother of the Byzantine Emperor. The battles are *papier-mâché* affairs; but Melisande, Lord Geoffrey, and the rheumatic Sir John de Catabras, who married the flirtatious Jeanne de Toucy without benefit of dowry, are as three-dimensional as the heroes and heroines of a fairy tale have a right to be. Lord Geoffrey's roving eye falls on Jeanne, and he takes her on a dubious pilgrimage to Italy, with consequences that are very nearly fatal to his health and even his life.

But it is Sir William and his beloved Melisande who keep the story going with their long speeches to one another as they try to unravel the mysteries of knighthood and of fairy tales.

Mr. Duggan has obviously enjoyed seeing the Parthenon through the eyes of a thirteenth-century English knight, and he happily succeeds in communicating his pleasure. —ROBERT PAYNE.

YE OLDE ELIZABETHANS: When a historical novelist elects to make a principal character out of someone who really lived, was immensely famous, and has enjoyed for long the gratitude, admiration, and love of humanity, then that historical novelist makes his job even harder than it has to be. And so when Henrietta Buckmaster makes a novel out of a year in the life of William Shakespeare she is clearly asking for trouble. We all have our notions of what Shakespeare might or could have been like; more importantly, perhaps, we have our notions of what he could not have been like. And since he was a man of words, and we know him only through his words, we have probably a notion, conscious or unconscious, of how he might have talked.

I suppose I have these notions, though I would not like to define them. And I have to admit that Miss Buck-

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master's novel, "All the Living" (Random House, $5.95), went against them very badly indeed. It is not so much in the events of her story—she follows facts or possibilities quite plausibly—that she goes wrong for me; it is rather in the story's expression. Everyone talks in what seems to be meant as a reproduction or approximation of Tudor English. Miss Buckmaster avers that every word was "indigenous to the times," and per-

haps she's right, though I take leave to doubt if "scientific" was a word then; but the total effect is of an English that never was on land or sea.

AND this unhappy effect spreads outward from the dialogue. I never got the effect from this novel that one must get from historical novels—or else they are dead—the effect that, although these were people of the past, they are at this moment living in their own present. All the time I felt that Miss Buckmaster's characters were wearing fancy dress, talking conscientious archaisms, being aware of themselves as Ye Olde Elizabethans. Which the real Elizabethans, I need hardly say, were not. They, for themselves, were the Modern, sometimes the all too Modern Elizabethans. —PATRICK CRUTTWELL.

Excerpts

Continued from page 28

has only to slit open and be happy. But if you work it out it's a matter of easy come, easy go. Shukhov had known cases when before his parcel arrived a fellow would be doing odd jobs to earn a bit of extra kasha, or cadging cigarette butts—just like anybody else. He has to share with the guard and the squad leader—and how can he help giving a little to the trusty in the parcels office? Why, next time the fellow may mislay your parcel and a week may go by before your name appears again on the list! . . . (*Dutton.*)

ANYWAY, they only wrote twice a year, and you couldn't make out how they were getting along. They told you there was a new boss in the *kolhoz* [collective farm]—but there was nothing new about that. . . . Or the *kolhoz* had been "amalgamated"—but that was nothing new either, they were always amalgamating them and splitting them up again. Or somebody hadn't done his work quota and had his private plot cut down to three-eighths of an acre, and others had lost it all. The thing Shukhov didn't get at all was what his wife wrote about how not a single new member had come to the *kolhoz* since the war. All the youngsters were getting out as best they could—to factories in the towns or to the peat fields. Half the *kolhozniks* had not come back after the war, and those who had wouldn't have anything to do with the *kolhoz* —they lived there but earned their money somewhere outside. The only men in the *kolhoz* were the gang boss . . . and the carpenter, who was eighty-four. . . . The real work in the *kolhoz* was done by the same women who'd been there since the start, in 1930. . . . His wife had told him they'd given up seasonal work a long time ago. They didn't do any carpentry any more. . . .

THERE were five spies in every gang. But it was all phony. It said they were spies in their records but it was just they'd been POW's. Shukhov was at kind of a spy. (*Praeger.*)

"WELL, Brothers, good-by," said the captain with an embarrassed nod to his fellow prisoners, and followed the guard out.

A few voices shouted: Keep your chin up. But what could you really say to him? They knew the cells, the 104th did; they'd built them. Brick walls, cement floor, no windows, a stove they lit only to melt the ice on the walls and make pools on the floor. You slept on bare boards, and if you'd any teeth left to eat with after all the chattering they'd be doing, they gave you nine ounces of bread day after day and hot stew only on the third, sixth, and ninth.

Ten days. Ten days "hard" in the cells—if you sat them out to the end, your health would be ruined for the rest of your life. T.B. and nothing but hospital for you till you kicked the bucket.

As for those who got fifteen days "hard" and sat them out—they went straight into a hole in the cold earth. (*Dutton*)

MORE depends on work rates than on work itself. A clever boss who knows his business really sweats over these work rates. That's where the ration comes from. If a job hadn't been done, make it look like it had. . . . But come to think of it, who were these rates for? For the people who ran the camps. They made thousands on the deal and got bonuses on top for the officers. Like old Volkovoy, with that whip of his. And all you got out of it was six ounces of bread in the evening. Your life depended on them. (*Praeger.*)

SOME of the bowls had been filled while the stuff from the bottom of the kettle hadn't yet settled after the stirring, and some were duds—nothing but soup. Shukhov made a mental note of which was which. He put ten bowls on his tray and carried them off. Gopchik waved from the second row of posts.

"Over here, Ivan Denisovich, over here."

No horsing around with bowls of stew. Shukhov was careful not to stumble. He kept his throat busy too.

"Hey you, H 920. Gently, uncle. Out of the way, my boy." (*Dutton*).

IVAN DENISOVICH liked this young rascal Gopchik. . . . Gopchik had been arrested for taking milk to Bendera partisans in the woods. They gave him the same sentence a grownup got. (*Praeger.*)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

PALINDROMES

Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, presents brief definitions of fifteen words that are spelled the same backwards and forwards, such as RADAR Can you identify these "to and fro" words? Answers on page 69.

1. Even.
2. Made a god of.
3. An act.
4. Ascribe.
5. Municipal.
6. Eskimo canoe.
7. Smallest.
8. Omitted.
9. Revolver.
10. Doctrine.
11. Stern of a ship.
12. That which restores.
13. Look.
14. More scarlet.
15. Cover a wall again.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Nilsson's Leonore, Tebaldi's Adriana, Pilarczyk

FOR THOSE who measure a musical theatre in terms of its response to the challenge of Beethoven's "Fidelio" or Wagner's "Die Meistersinger," the Metropolitan just now would enjoy a rating well near the top. Done on the same day, under two different conductors and with virtually no cast duplications (Charles Anthony was Jacquino in the afternoon and David at night), it testified to more depth in such repertory than the Metropolitan has enjoyed in some time.

And height, too. For Birgit Nilsson continues to improve as a singer, though some others might rest on the values that inhere in a voice of her power and strength. Fortunately, however, she is one of those rare performers whose own criteria lead her constantly toward new objectives. In her first venture here as Leonore three years ago, Miss Nilsson stormed through the "Abscheulicher" and made a dramatic thing of the Dungeon scene. Now she has refined her treatment of the whole part beginning with the Canon Quartet, she sings every note of "Abscheulicher" truly, and makes the jubilation of "O Namenlose Freude" a natural outlet for the tensions of the wife whose determination has saved her husband from a tyrant's vengeance.

Fortunately, too, Jon Vickers comes back to the Metropolitan in better voice than ever before, due perhaps to an enforced period of rest spent in recovering from undulant fever. More important even than the freshness of sound he produced was his intelligent disposition of it, with nuances of expression and meaning not present prior to his recording with Klemperer. Little turns of phrase which were formerly pushed off center are now squarely on pitch, and his old method of gliding into difficult intervals has been replaced by a direct attack that is much more artistic. As a result, one would have to go back to the Florestan of René Maison to find one who sang "In des Leben's Fruehlingstagen" as expressively, and Maison's tones did not have the ring or luster of Vickers's.

With Karl Böhm cementing through his strong sense of discipline the efforts of others new to their roles at the Metropolitan (the sweet-voiced Judith Raskin as Marzelline, Ernst Wiemann as a listenable Rocco, and Ezio Flagello as a properly fluent Minister of Justice), this was the kind of ensemble opera Rudolf Bing promised long ago. It was let down somewhat by Morley Meredith as Pizarro, for he lacks the vocal flow to match his menacing appearance. And whoever's idea it was to use a projection at the stage center (eventually the hitching block for the chained Florestan) as a rostrum from which Leonore, Rocco, and Pizarro declaim in turn should find a less stereotyped idea. Lest it be supposed that the Metropolitan Orchestra should be mentioned only in sorrow, the compliments to the instrumentalists should begin with the horns, which were in tune and on time almost always.

IF "Fidelio" was in accord with the best that Bing had promised, the revival of "Adriana Lecouvreur" was a sad concession to something he had assured us we need not fear—the star system. Tried and found wanting here as long ago as 1907, it would not have occurred to anyone to put it on again had it not occurred to Renata Tebaldi as just the sort of thing she should be doing at this phase of her career. Between the time of her decision last year ("No Adriana, no Renata") and her willingness to come this year, previous plans for a Cecil Beaton production were scrapped and a Neapolitan one copied instead. Opulently undistinguished, it suits the score perfectly in being superficially attractive and fundamentally barren of quality.

Dramatically derived from Scribe's convoluted rivalry of the actress Adrienne and the Princess de Bouillon for the love of the Count of Saxony (Maurizio in the opera), "Adriana" is theatrically vapid and musically void. It would be a laughable indulgence for a privately sponsored institution; for a public one that pleads poverty every time union pressures are exerted, this obeisance to Tebaldi's whim may have much wider implications. Perhaps the money invested by the Metropolitan Opera Guild in underwriting the sizable bill for rehearsing a large cast, chorus, and ballet as well as building the sets (probably $50,000) may be recovered, but not the time wasted in learning parts few will use again. The money would have gone far to produce such a worthy work as Halévy's "La Juive," or Boïto's "Mefistofele," or even Verdi's "Giovannia d'Arco," which Tebaldi was once happy to sing, while time is the one commodity the Metropolitan traditionally has least of.

The pretty tunes and succulent orchestration of them (even a solo violin sighing behind a declaration of love) are credited to Francesco Cilea, but surely this must be a *nom de guerre opératique* for someone named Massennini or Puccinet. There is scarcely a page or an episode in the four acts that could not be affiliated with a similar treatment in "Manon" (Parisian high life) or "Tosca" (for melodrama and theatrical atmosphere). Its several well-written arias come but do not go as they are plugged unmercifully, act after act.

Indeed, it is one of the distinctions of "Adriana" that you can miss the first act and still hear its arias in Act II, as she sings what he sang and then they sing it together. The threads of plot may be harder to grasp this way, but they are mostly unimportant anyway. What is important is that Adriana wears four different costumes, is admired by her fellow mummers as "Magnifica," "splendida," "portentosa" (all are in the text), has the opportunity to recite lines from two plays of Racine (as the historical Adrienne did at the Comédie Française in the early 1700s), is able to live extravagantly and die glamorously from a poisoned flower dispatched by her rival in love. Unlike those whose works he admired, Cilea cannot stiffen the musical mix with dramatic substance when an issue is joined. It remains all icing and no cake.

Tebaldi had invested much time in slimming her figure by more than twenty pounds, and she carried herself handsomely in the flowing costumes designed by "Casa Firenze." But vocal constriction now sets in at about A, which was formerly a bell she rang with consistent clarity. Only the middle had the lovely sound of old. Dramatically, Tebaldi played the part of the sawdust puppet with all the endearing belief in its reality that animates a child fondling a doll. However, in choosing a vehicle for herself, she should not have elected one in which the reins may fall into alien hands. Often enough the one in the driver's seat was not Tebaldi, but Franco Corelli, whose figure is even more spectacular than hers, whose costumes as Maurizio were worthy of a doorman at the Ritz (or the Russian Bear), and who sang the music with a ringing brilliance that was even shaded now and then to just a *forte*. The role of the Princess also provides some scene-stealing moments, but not as impersonated by Irene Dalis, who used her substantial voice to good musical ends, but without theatrical magnetism.

Climaxing this orgy of the inconsequential was a choreographic treatment

(*Continued on page* 46)

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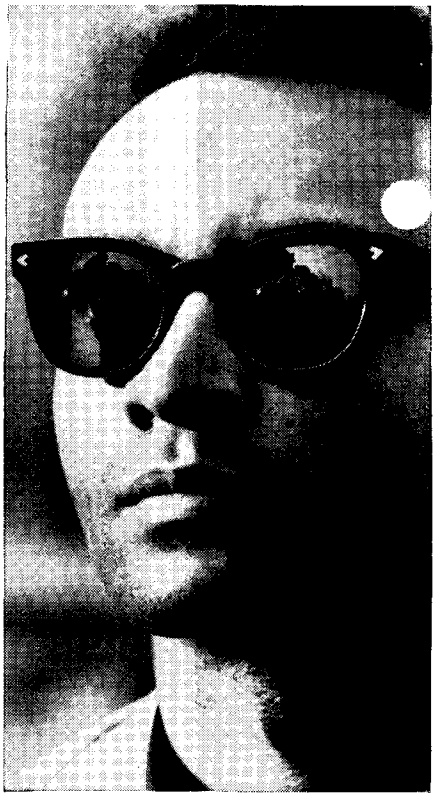
MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

Cecil Taylor and the New Tradition

By JOE GOLDBERG



Cecil Taylor: "Music is an attitude."

CECIL TAYLOR, at twenty-nine, stands, bitter and amused, at the center of the most violent controversy to surround any jazz pianist since Thelonious Monk. His detractors dismiss him summarily with "My three-year-old daughter could do that" (no, she couldn't, not unless she had sixteen years of classical training), or the ultimate condemnation: "He isn't playing jazz." Even one of Taylor's staunchest adherents, writer Nat Hentoff, who has been responsible for some of Taylor's recordings, is sometimes forced to beg the question with remarks like, "Cecil is no more 'difficult' than Theodore Roethke in poetry or the plays of Samuel Beckett." He is never asked to be a sideman, he must get his jobs for himself; and club owners who have hired him on the basis of his growing reputation have fired him after hearing one example of "music like that in my club." At a jam session, one well-known drummer left the stand rather than play with him, but Eric Dolphy, one of the most important of the new reedmen, refers to Cecil respectfully as "the spaceman—no, the astronaut."

One of those who realizes that Taylor's music is also firmly anchored in the past is the highly successful Dave Brubeck. "As far as borrowing from classical music goes," Brubeck says, "there has never been a jazz musician who didn't. I think Cecil has a very exciting, important concept. I wish him all the luck in the world. Jazz needs twenty more Cecil Taylors, or individuals like him. It needs a hundred." To which Taylor adds, "The problem is to utilize the energies of the European composers, their technique, so to speak, *consciously*, and blend this with the traditional music of the American Negro, and to create a new energy. That's what I did. And was it unique? No. Historically not. Ellington did it."

The music this small, slim young man plays is some of the most complex and unrelentingly powerful that jazz has ever known. There is seldom rest or relaxation in it; dissonant and battering, it demands the total attention of the listener. But if listening to Taylor can be difficult, watching him perform can be exhausting. He once said, "I try to imitate on the piano the leaps in space a dancer makes," and Taylor himself, at the piano, is a darting, spidery dancer. His whole body follows his fingers as they approach the keyboard, as if to attack the notes unaware. He recoils quickly, singing to himself, and leaps elsewhere. The forbidding, nearly opaque dark glasses he usually wears are always in imminent danger of falling off, and in the midst of a particularly strenuous solo, as his musical and personal tension build to an excruciating pitch, he will whip them off in anger, toss them onto the piano, and forget them for the rest of the set.

Taylor knows why he plays the way he does, whether or not it is obvious to anyone else. "Anybody's music," he says, "is made up of a lot of things that are not musical. Music is an attitude, a group of symbols of a way of life, whether you're conscious of it or not. Any music is an expression of those who created it. So that jazz would naturally have to be an expression of the American Negro, his feelings, within the tradition of his folk songs, the church, those swinging funeral bands. Simply the feeling of the American Negro within that tradition. That's what it is. It's quite simple, really. And of course, it naturally reflects the social and economic and educative attitudes of the players. And that's why the fools don't think I play jazz. Because I accepted Ellington's word, you see."

Taylor's way of life, which his own remark makes it necessary to examine, has produced a highly complex individual: immensely articulate, often openly hostile, half in love with the idea of himself as a mysterious figure, but also a close and generous, if sardonic, friend to those few people he has decided *are* his friends. Perhaps the greatest single influence on him was "Ellington's word" ("He's the only prophet that I recognize") that the coming generation of jazz musicians would find it necessary to have conservatory training. But there was never a time when he was unfamiliar with music.

His mother, who died when he was quite young (Taylor was born in New York City on March 15, 1933), was a dancer who could also play piano and violin. His father, who died about a year ago, sang around the house, Negro shouts and field hollers remembered from his youth, things that "go back farther than the blues." When he was about six, Taylor decided he wanted piano lessons, and his family was more than happy to oblige. The music heard most often around the Taylor house was Duke Ellington's. When he was still very young, would go to hear the Ellington band at every opportunity and was also exposed very early to the music of the Negro church.

Because of Ellington, he went to Boston to attend the New England Conservatory, even though he did not then "grasp the nature of improvisation" necessary for a jazz musician. And it proved to be an enlightening, if exasperating, experience: "I heard Stravinsky for the first time, 'Rite of Spring.' I heard all the formalized music, the hipped-up music of the Twenties. I became aware. But I consolidated all of those things the *year after* I got out of the conservatory, alone, by myself. There were certain Bartók scores in which I saw things no teacher told me anything about." His interest in the composers he heard at the conservatory, as well as a later involvement with Schoenberg and Webern, has given rise to critical phrases like "classical pastiche" in discussing his work, but Taylor says in rebuttal, "The object of any musician who has had this background is to bring it to jazz—combine it with jazz, and see what happens."

After the conservatory, Taylor found his troubles had only begun. It is never easy for the young musician in New York, but it was more difficult for Taylor than most, with his completely

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different, demanding, often frightening style. "Of course," he remembers, "the reality was, you come back and you [illegible] in Harlem. You go there and try to get gigs, you come to grips with Miles Davis, come to grips with the evolution of the language, where contemporary jazz is going, as well as being aware of other musics. Also you are the recipient of all the cultural things around you that you wish to be—things like dance, theatre, literature, the people you see—so you are a departure."

He sustained himself by carrying out orders from a coffee shop near Madison Avenue. One can only speculate with some horror upon the encounters between Taylor, sandwiches in hand and hidden behind dark glasses, and the executives in the office buildings.

Taylor's year was 1956. With soprano saxophonist Steve Lacy, bassist Buell Neidlinger, and drummer Dennis Charles, Cecil recorded an LP, "Jazz Advance," for the now defunct Transition label of Boston. That year, Taylor says, "gave me enough time to have gotten over the academic thing, to have gotten further away from it." Transition also issued a sampler record containing work not available on their regular releases, and Taylor's moody, jagged "Get and Lovely," included on it, is perhaps the finest work he has ever done. *The New Yorker*'s Whitney Balliett, reviewing "Jazz Advance," said, "It could have the same revolutionary impact upon modern jazz as the recordings of Charlie Parker."

More tangible results accrued in the form of Taylor's first extended club date. The now defunct Five Spot Cafe, in New York's Cooper Square, had long been the private domain of the abstract-expressionist painters who live in the area, many of whom have an affinity for jazz and jazz musicians. Many of the younger players had used the club as a place to jam from time to time, and Taylor was able to convince owner Joe Termini to hire him on a regular basis. Musicians and fans came, and went away confused but impressed. Taylor's fortunes did not change until the summer, when he was invited to play at the 1957 Newport Jazz Festival, at one of the afternoon sessions devoted to "experimental" music. Although that word has been connected with him on several occasions, he objects violently to it, saying, "Experimental means that you're trying to do something. I'm *doing* it."

Taylor has been plagued throughout his career by attempts at labeling. He refers to his music as "traditional," and when shown an item that called him the only musician now improvising Third Stream music, he said, "I play an extension of period music—Ellington and Monk. Third Stream is George Gershwin and Ferde Grofé." When called a conservatory-trained musician, he snaps, "I like hell am. If my musical training stopped when I left the conservatory, you wouldn't be talking to me today."

His most recent regular engagement, in the fall of 1962, was at a Greenwich Village coffee shop, the Take 3, where he became, with the assistance of wildly laudatory reviews by Robert Levin in *The Village Voice*, the center of a cult. In November, the trio left for a tour of Scandinavia, and word filtered back that their music was being met with the same mixture of adulation and puzzlement that greeted it in the States.

When he is not playing or practicing, which he sometimes does for ten or twelve hours a day, Taylor devotes himself to the several non-musical pursuits that nourish his art. One of his main pleasures is walking about New York, looking at the architecture. A highly verbal, astute observer of the theatre and dance, he attends as often as possible. When economics makes this difficult, he reverts to the official pastime of solitary New Yorkers, the double feature, and has been known to attend two in one day.

HIS feeling for the theatre and his own highly theatrical stage presence made him an ideal replacement for the regular group of actor-musicians who went on three-week vacation in the summer of 1960 from the cast of Jack Gelber's "The Connection," the Pirandello-like, supposedly improvised play about narcotics and jazz which had such a long run at New York's Living Theatre. His presence came as a shock to audience and actors alike. "I'll never forget the first night we played," Taylor recalls. "One of the actors said, 'What the hell is going on up here?' It was a marvelous experience. It's like life, it was both hell and beautiful." After six weeks, an extension of the original three, it got more and more like hell as Taylor would arrive late as a protest against an untuned piano ("They'd fix a broken seat, wouldn't they?"), and his career as an actor came to an end.

Taylor is an acute, waspish critic, not only of his own sidemen, whom he reprimanded from the stage during the run of the play under the guise of "improvisation," but of all musicians. He has little respect for any but his totems, Ellington and Monk ("he has the kernel"), who might be surprised to hear themselves referred to as "period" musicians ("We're all period musicians"). Although he can be difficult to get along with, the players who have worked with him have all benefited from the situation, and most of them would be happy for the opportunity to play with him again. Practice sessions with Taylor sometimes closely resemble school.

When Taylor plays in public, the response is still likely to be highly divided. One night, I stood at the bar of the Five Spot, where he was appearing. After the first number, a crew-cut, tweedy young man to my left said, "They must all be smoking that pot. They couldn't play that way unless they smoked that pot." After the second number, the standee to my right, bearded and disheveled, said, "That's the most beautiful music I've ever heard in my life. That man must have the answer to everything." At the end of the set, a well-dressed, mild-mannered man came up to Taylor and said, "I think you're the world's greatest living performing artist."

Taylor tries not to think about such remarks. He feels reasonably certain that he will always eat, but refuses to concern himself with the problems of fame. "I, certainly, will never become a success, so I don't have to worry about it. Who wants art here? We want viable, bended plants that can be put in anybody's garden." He believes implicitly in his role as an extension of traditional music—"What I'm fighting against is the group power that says you can't go *here*"—but has little time for the kind of personal advocacy that leads many musicians into agents' offices: "What's the point in it? They pick *you*. They want *you*. They get *you*. They find *you*." When reminded that it took Thelonious Monk, to whom his career bears startling resemblances, fifteen years to become a success, he replies mysteriously, "I don't have that kind of time."

But he might be wrong in his estimate of his own future, because the word is beginning to spread. The musicians knew first; then the critics; the public may be next. One night, after watching ballerina Maria Tallchief, Taylor said, "She made me think, for about five minutes, that the only worthwhile thing in the world to be was a dancer." There have been nights when he has made people feel that way about the piano; there have even been nights when he has made people think that the mild-mannered man at the Five Spot might be right. But even if popular success never comes, he is prepared for that. "If you want to be a jazz musician," he says, "there's a price you have to pay. You have to know who you are. *You* have to know, and that has to be enough."

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: FOLK AND BLUES LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Sleepy John Estes: "The Legend of Sleepy John Estes." Estes, guitar and vocal; Hammie Nixon, harmonica; Ed Wilkerson, bass; Knocky Parker, piano. Delmar DL-603, $4.98.	Long thought of as dead, and "rediscovered" alive but blind in Brownsville, Tennessee (see *SR* November 10, 1962), Estes is still a most capable singer who exhibits the tormented, agonizing vocal style for which he became so well known in the 1930s. His delivery creates a mood of bitter sadness and his guitar accompaniment, basic and primitive, perfectly complements this down-to-earth blues singer. Contributing immeasurably to the success of the performances is the highly capable mouth-harp blowing of Hammie Nixon. There are some fine re-creations of old Estes numbers and a fine new composition by Estes called "Rats in My Kitchen."
Mac Wiseman: "Bluegrass Favorites." Wiseman, vocal and guitar; Chubby Wise, fiddle; Buddy Spiker, fiddle; Joe Drumwright, five-string banjo; Buck Trent, five-string banjo; Benny Williams, mandolin; Ray Edenton, guitar and tipple; Joe Zinkan, bass; unidentified vocalists. Capitol Stereo ST 1800, $4.98.	One of the most popular of all country performers, Wiseman is no stranger to this musical style. Having worked with Bill Monroe, he was also one of the original members of the Flatt-Scruggs aggregation. A regular on the famous "Grand Ole Opry," he has chosen a group of twelve bluegrass numbers, including some seldom recorded, and the results are a fine record.
Jean Durand: "Baby . . . Did You Hear?" Durand, vocals; Jim Helms, guitar; Jimmy Bond, bass; Frank DeVito, drums; Buddy Collette, flute; Howard Roberts, guitar; Frank Capp, percussion; Larry Bunker, percussion; Mel Pollan, bass. Arrangements by Helms and Richard Markowitz. Horizon WP-1607, $4.98.	Haiti-born Durand, backed by some of the West Coast's best jazz musicians, presents a program of popular folk music on an international level. Not a folk singer in the primitive sense but a skilled and highly polished performer, he performs in a number of idioms: Creole songs such as "Hey Andrew," "Crawfish," and "Mandoute"; French chansons like "Topaz" and "Quand Isabell"; Spanish items such as "Astorias," "Maria Dolores," and "Son"; and English-language numbers like the title song. Most unusual is his singing of the Australian folk tune "Waltzing Matilda" in French.
Rose Maddox: "Sings Bluegrass." Miss Maddox, vocals; Don Reno, five-string banjo; Red Smiley, guitar; other instrumentalists unidentified. Capitol Stereo ST 1799, $4.98.	Miss Maddox, a country-music favorite since her days as Rose of the "Maddox Brothers and Rose," presents what must surely be the first all-bluegrass album featuring a woman vocalist. Although bluegrass music is not her normal niche, it is treated in her usual fine fashion. Always a very talented country singer, she is very much at home in this musical style and gives an excellent performance. Backed by two of the very best men performing in the idiom, Don Reno and Red Smiley, she sings such numbers as Bill Monroe's "Blue Moon of Kentucky" and "My Rose of Old Kentucky"; Charlie Monroe's "Roll in My Sweet Baby's Arms"; and the bluegrass standards "Molly and Tenbrooks" and "Footprints in the Snow."
Peter LaFarge: "Iron Mountain and Other Songs." LaFarge, vocal and guitar. Folkways FN 2531, $5.95.	A rather mediocre, uneven performance by another of the many new faces appearing on the scene. Featured in a program of thirteen of his original compositions, LaFarge demonstrates a tain kinship with the blues, an average voice at best, and a fairly promising talent as a composer of folk tunes. In many instances he has put his words to music by borrowing the melody line from traditional blues songs.
Barry McGuire and Barry Kane: "Barry and Barry: Here and Now." McGuire, vocal and guitar; Kane, vocal and guitar; Art Podell, guitar and banjo; Jimmy Bond, Bass. Horizon WP 1608, $4.98.	The "Barry Boys," both members of the New Christy Minstrels, are two of the better artists produced by the current folk wave. Possessed of better voices, arrangements, and choice of material than are usually found on debut records, they present an interestingly varied musical program. Their sound is as exciting as it is professional, and, harmonizing quite well throughout, they particularly delight with "Land of Oden," "Another Man," and "Neptune." Invaluable to the overall success of the record is the musical support supplied by guitarist-banjoist Art Podell.
The New Christy Minstrels: "Exciting New Folk Chorus." Randy Sparks, guitar and vocal; Jackie Miller, plectrum, five-string banjos, and vocal; Nick Woods, guitar and vocal; Terry Wadsworth, guitar and vocal; Billy Cudmore, five-string banjo, guitar, and vocal; Art Podell, guitar and vocal; Dolan Ellis, six- and twelve-string guitars, vocal; Jerry Yester, five-string banjo and vocal; Karol Dugan, guitar and vocal; John Forsha, six- and twelve-string guitars, vocal. Columbia Stereo CS 8672, $4.98, Mono CL 1872, $3.98.	This group, composed of individuals who have either performed in smaller groups or as singles, emits a feeling of a folk song get-together, a sing-song sing-a-long and a hootenany all rolled into one neatly sung, professionally prepared musical package. The songs are basically American ballads with which most people have at least a passing knowledge: Woody Guthrie's "This Land Is Your Land," "Big Rock Candy Mountain," "Shenandoah," "Railroad Bill," etc.
Bob Dylan. Dylan, guitar, harmonica, and vocal. Columbia Stereo CS 8579, $4.98, Mono CL 1779, $3.98.	A twenty-one-year-old dynamo, Dylan performs with a zest and vigor few will resist. One of the most creative and communicative of folk artists since Woody Guthrie, he performs blues and gospel songs with a feeling and sympathy very rarely approached by white imitators of this basically Negro idiom. ("In My Time of Dyin'," Buka White's "Fixin' to Die," and Blind Lemon Jefferson's tragic standard "See That My Grave Is Kept Clean"). He gives folk tunes an individual interpretation that few artists are capable of, and his original compositions are nothing short of a delight. He is adept at various guitar styles and also plays mouth-harp with a drive only shown by the best country blues performers. The outstanding number in the collection is the highly emotional "Highway 51," which best illustrates all of young Dylan's many talents.
Judy Mayhan: "Rockin' the Cradle." Miss Mayhan, vocal and dulcimer; Jake Ander, guitar. Horizon WP 1605, $4.98.	Essentially a ballad singer, Miss Mayhan performs well within this area. Her voice is clear pleasant, her interpretations straightforward and sensitive, her choice of material rather intere The songs included are such perennials of balladry as "I Gave My Love a Cherry," "Turtle Dove," and "The Cuckoo." In addition to these are a number of other delightful and varied pieces, some of which feature the artist's dulcimer playing, such as "Come All Ye Loyal Heroes," an Irish "famine" balled; "One Morning in May," devoted to the theme of seduction; "Lass from the Low Country," a Scottish song; and the Appalachian ballad "At the Foot of Yonder's Mountain."

—LAWRENCE COHN.

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Meditations with a Beat

"Dinosaurs in the Morning," by Whitney Balliett *(Lippincott. 224 pp. $3.95), and* ***"Toward Jazz," by André Hodeir*** *(Grove Press. 224 pp. $4.75) present the views of two men, one an American, the other a Frenchman, about the past, present, and future of jazz and the people who play it.*

By STANLEY DANCE

THESE two collections of magazine articles about jazz were written for entirely different audiences. All of Whitney Balliett's pieces appeared originally in *The New Yorker* and are chic in a way likely to appeal to its reputedly sophisticated readers. Most of André Hodeir's appeared in the Parisian monthly *Jazz Hot* and are delivered with a *hauteur* calculated to impress [illegible] converted and dismay schismatics. Though they occasionally cast admiring glances backward, both men have their eye on the future.

Balliett is well aware of the problems that face the jazz critic. "That jazz should be written about critically is doubtful," he says. "It is an elusive, subjective form, whose delights are immediate and often fleeting. It seizes the emotions and the heart—but rarely the head—and few people need written instructions on how to feel."

This is perfectly true, yet many critics today seem to have been seized in the head by jazz, and they have developed an imposing, often appalling jargon for their analyses and descriptions. What they have forgotten is a fact perceived by Ernest Ansermet on his very first encounter with jazz: "It is not the material that makes Negro music, it is the spirit. . . ."

Hodeir certainly recognizes the inadequacy of jazz criticism in coping with the fundamentals. "Though it is possible, through analysis," he says, "to shed light on the technical mechanics of improvised music, no one has yet been able to elucidate the outward manifestations of swing; similarly, words do not seem capable of describing phenomena having to do solely with the texture of sound." However, because he finds curiosity about jazz widespread, Balliett believes "an attempt should be made to pin down its sights and sounds on paper," and this for the past five years he has bravely tried to do.

The difficulty with his book is the style. What is chic once a month, or entertaining on a train journey, tends to become rather chichi in the course of 200 pages. The fanciful imagery, at first amusing, becomes exasperating, so that one simply ceases to make the effort to hear "anthracite-toned" solos in the mind, or "ruby-toned" cornetists, or even saxophonists who grow "alternately oblique and goatlike" when they play the blues. Dossier-like descriptions of the musicians themselves do, on the other hand, become increasingly fascinating, and a complete list, if extracted, would contain the makings of a marvelous jazz quiz. Who, for example, are the following: "a big, loosely packed man," "a bearish, densely assembled man," "a flat-topped, bespectacled man," "a tall, comfortably oval-shaped man" and "an agile, Victorian-shaped woman"?

"Critics are biased, and so are readers," Balliett says in his disarming prefatory note. "But intelligent readers soon discover how to allow for the windage of their own and a critic's prejudices." This is very generous of him, for it is not hard to discover *his* biases and prejudices. A fine drummer called Sidney Catlett is mentioned twenty-one times in the book, whereas a contemporary of his, still very much alive, and one of the most highly esteemed in the profession (Jimmie Crawford), is not mentioned once. A chapter headed "Mechanic" and devoted to Fletcher Henderson reveals an astonishing failure to grasp the significance of that leader's achievements. On page 12 it is stated that "the earliest forms of the music—New Orleans jazz, Dixieland, boogie woogie, Kansas City jazz, the country blues—are sadly dead or dying." This ill prepares the reader for page 106 where, Balliett claims, "Ragtime is by no means dead and gone."

Although he is critical of a jazz press, "which tends to confuse newness with progress and progress with quality," he rides along happily enough with most of the recent "avant-garde" fads, such as those centered around Ornette Coleman, Sonny Rollins, Cecil Taylor, and Third-Stream music. There is something slightly disturbing about his approval of music which "causes earache the first time through" and of a musician who "plays insane and seemingly purposeless runs," but the whole chapter, "Abstract" (re-assembled since its original publication), is essential reading for anyone who feels strongly pro or con about the "new thing."

The matchless Ellington is, of course, pretty summarily dismissed by both writers, just as he has been for a quarter-century by fashionable critics. Hodeir, who four years ago deemed Gil Evans "capable of filling the vacancy *left* by Duke Ellington" (my italics), is particularly indignant about the latter's "hideous" 1956 copy of a number called "Ko-Ko." The two major soloists on the original 1940 version were dead when the second was made, but for once change was not synonymous with progress and the difference in tempo was regarded as quite sacrilegious.

SOME understanding of the extra-musical problems which confront jazz musicians is extremely important. When he made a trip to New York, the French critic admits he was unable to adjust to their ways, could not rid himself of his "cultural background," and "began to feel excluded from the world of jazzmen." The nature of his dilemma seems to have been partially revealed in an arrangement he wrote of "Swing Spring." Miles Davis, when he heard it, said in a *Jazz Review* article: "The arrangement is terrible. It was never meant to be like that. It sounds like a tired modern painting—with skeletons in it."

Hodeir, no doubt, could take such criticism as imperturbably as he delivers it. There is a consistent ruthlessness in his reasoning, which may well have had its origin in the ferocious controversies which have swept the French jazz world. It intrudes on the "form of poetic meditation" toward which he implies his articles were "gradually moving," but he is at his most rewarding—and above the battle—in the two chapters on Count Basie and his orchestra.

"Modern jazz," he insists elsewhere, "cannot and must not be a music for specialists." Tomorrow's audience is what counts, not the "happy few" who appreciate it now. "The important thing," he continues, "is that the artist have enough self-confidence to draw the audiences of the future to his music, rather than being drawn—in his desire to communicate at all costs—to the audience of today. Thereby hangs the greatness of jazz, as well as its aesthetic and human significance."

Onwards and upwards. Out of reach, out of sight, out of mind. . . . Who knows? As Balliett says, "Tomorrow it may be gone."

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Music to My Ears

(*Continued from page* 41)

of the "Judgment of Paris" theme in Act III dictated by the story. Alexandra Danilova staged it and Igor Youskevitch plays a prominent part in it, but these hallowed names are so intertwined with mincing maidens with Greek buns, capering "heroes" with headbands, and a "line" of Amazons with spears and shields that one wondered why Danny Kaye was omitted. This much of the performance should be filmed for disbelieving posterity.

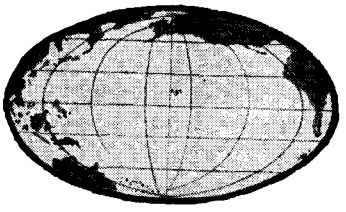
"Adriana" may seem no worse than a bad dream when Tebaldi has sung Desdemona in "Otello" as a quid pro quo, but what is to prevent Franco Corelli from demanding that his interest be served similarly next year with a revival of "William Tell," or Birgit Nilsson's by "Monna Vanna," or Joan Sutherland's by "Crispino la Comare"? Nothing, nothing, nothing at all. It would be insufferable discrimination were they denied their favors. And they should all be conducted by Silvio Varviso, the prima donna's best friend.

Leonard Bernstein's innovation in the same week was the less publicized but much more musically valid "Slavonic Mass" of Leos Janacek. In his lifetime, Janacek (who completed a Slavic trinity begun by Smetana and Dvorak) was regarded as an eloquent composer hampered by a lack of facility. It may be instructive for the critics of today (and tomorrow) that what commends Janacek's music today is its eloquence, with or without the craftsmanship of others.

Bernstein had the texture of this music, something like rough but sturdy homespun, in his hand from start to finish in an extraordinary performance by the orchestra, the Westminster Choir, and an excellent solo quartet. The latter's special strength was the artistry of Helga Pilarczyk, whose Metropolitan debut was a victim of last season's cancelation. This is a singer not only of uncommon intelligence, but one whose voice has the shimmer and personalized vibrance that recalls Ljuba Welitsch's. Nicolai Gedda did well by the music of the tenor, in a group completed by Janis Martin and George Gaynes. However, the praise cannot be extended to Bruce Prince-Joseph's playing of the organ solo, which was blurred, overblown, and no compliment to the hall's fine instrument. Bernstein made the Slavic trinity factual as well as philosophic by surrounding the "Mass" with the "Bartered Bride" overture of Smetana and the D minor Symphony of Dvorak.

—Irving Kolodin.

Your weekly trip around the world of ideas



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Klemperer in ¾ Time

Weill: *"Kleine Dreigroschenmusik"*; Klemperer: *"A Merry Waltz"*; J. Strauss: *"Wiener Blut," Overture "Die Fledermaus," "Kaiserwalze. Otto Klemperer conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra.* Angel S-35927, $5.98 (mono, 35927, $4.98).

Those familiar with Klemperer's old Polydor 78s of the instrumental suite from Kurt Weill's "Three-Penny Opera," either cursing themselves for not holding on to the records or blessing themselves for having heard them, have long hoped for a remake. The première recording was made with members of the Berlin State Opera Orchestra some thirty years ago, when the work was new, and the combination of the time, the place, and the circumstances made it a unique reflection of disillusionment and frustration, full of irony and sardonic brittleness as well as humor.

It may be felt that no one, even Klemperer himself (at whose suggestion Weill prepared the suite, by the way), could duplicate the effect of the original. As it turns out, fears about the conductor's success in matching his earlier effort prove justified. The men of the Philharmonia play with abandon and apparently give him everything he wants; the performance is certainly a splendid one, but without the peculiar poignancy of those old Polydor ten-inchers. Indeed, Izler Solomon's MGM recording is probably just as close to the spirit of the original, and has the advantage of completeness—Klemperer omits the "Instead-of" Song.

An interpretation in which Klemperer's authority cannot be challenged is that of his own "Merry Waltz," which is also in the nature of a burlesque, albeit an affectionate one, not entirely unrelated to Ibert's treatment of the waltz in his "Divertissement." According to the anonymous liner notes, the piece originally accompanied a dance of patients in a sanatorium in Klemperer's opera "Das Ziel." It is certainly a surprising phonographic debut as composer for a conductor of such Olympian affiliations, but, together with the Weill, contributes to a highly entertaining side.

The Johann Strauss side, hardly less surprising, is rather less successful. The "Wiener Blut" goes with an unexpected fleetness, but is not in the same world with the recent Reiner. In the introduction to the "Kaiserwalzer," unfortunately, we encounter the devitalizing treatment that has characterized much of Klemperer's work lately. For J. Strauss, seek elsewhere; for Weill, nothing better at the moment; Klemperer, the horse's mouth.

—Richard Freed.

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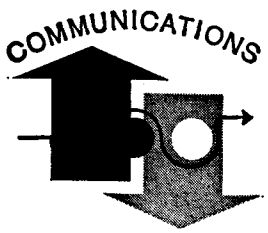
COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN



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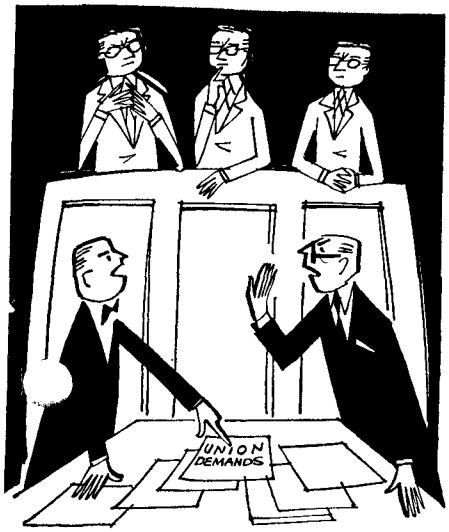

Let's Arbitrate Communications Strikes

A LARGE city and a desert have a great deal in common. A person can be equally lonely in either place. Each is vast, impersonal, overwhelmingly sterile at times. The bloodless splendor of endless sand can be matched by towering vistas of cold steel, concrete, and glass, inhuman and forbidding. Without normal human communication, the loneliness of a great city can be as depressing as the loneliness of a waste-land.

For two months, New York has been a newspaper desert. Without normal human communication through the portable printed word, people in the New York area have had but a vague idea of their fellow men. That incredibly subtle and necessary package of common daily communication known as the newspaper has been absent. Though Cleveland has been paperless even longer, a New Yorker's personal desolation involves a daily reading habit of such enormous proportion that sudden withdrawal has been truly agonizing.

Peripheral papers have helped enormously, yet their minutiae are not New York's minutiae. And, in the long run, it is the small local fact, the tiny gossip, the specialized intelligence, the neighborhood statistic that alone has any real communication for us. Radio and TV have done valiantly. They are improving, within the physical limitations of their media, and their news coverage during the New York newspaper strike has been commendable. Yet that very phrase "physical limitations" is pregnant in a strike-bound town. You cannot turn back the dial and hear again that statistic you didn't quite get the first time. You cannot quite disassociate the personality or physical appearance of the TV newscaster, the advertising and newscasting that are continually interspersed, the sometimes unfortunate delivery of the radio announcer who doesn't write his own news script and stumbles again and again on fundamental phrases. You cannot cut out and keep certain bits of information you hear. They are gone forever, except on the master tape in the studio file. And, while radio and TV devote greatly increased segments to news nowadays, news is *not* the chief business of the electronic media. News to a radio or TV program chief is one of many vaudeville acts which together make up the package they must sell to the advertiser. In the newspaper business, at least in certain adult newspapers we're used to in New York, news is not only the chief business of the industry, but it is its *only* business, a serious, deeply complex, highly professional job when it functions as, say, it functions on the *New York Times*. There simply are no substitutes.

Since democracy depends to an unbelievable degree upon a truly informed citizenry, not simply a citizenry touched on the hour with a few seconds of headlines, but one saturated in the details of the world in which it exists, any diminution of the communications force detracts from democracy's well-being. It is no more logical to allow a lingering strike against a newspaper than to permit the engravers of U.S. postage stamps to walk out over their grievances. The inevitable conclusion in such matters would be a day in which whole segments of the American public have

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no news from any source; while the newspapers are on strike, radio and TV stations may go out, too.

President Kennedy, the Governor of New York, the Mayor of New York City, the Congress of the United States have solemn obligations to meet here —and we feel rather strongly by now that none has met them this time. Hurt to the city aside (and if you were in the real estate, amusement, used car, or job-hunting business during the strike you know that the hurt has been very real), a permanent, continuing threat to true communication in a democracy is intolerable. It is also very silly, since there is a way of handling it equitably. The way is compulsory arbitration of all major disputes between management and labor in the communications field. If this abrogates "the right to strike," one should remember Oliver Wendell Holmes's penetrating observation that freedom of speech does not include the right to scream "Fire!" in a crowded theatre.

How might compulsory arbitration work? It is a method of settling disputes between employees and their employer by seeking and accepting a decision by persons not a party to the dispute. Such arbitration may be compelled by the government, as in New Zealand or Australia, or it may be by voluntary agreement of employees and employer, as in Europe and the U.S. In the U.S., the government occasionally persuades both parties (as in a strike in an essential industry) to come together and compels witnesses to testify. A board of arbitration then makes the decision which is binding on both sides. Arbitration can also be adjudicated in a court which is similar to a court of law, with judges, witnesses, cross-examination, exhibits, and a decision.

Whatever method is used, we believe some form of compulsory arbitration should now be made a federal law in communications industries. The extent of that law is up to the Congress. But we know by now for certain in the cases of the New York and Cleveland newspaper strikes that further disasters to the field of newspaper communication are completely intolerable. If American courtroom judgments and procedures in other matters are relatively fair, as we know they are, then the newspaper worker, whether printer or editorial writer, will have nothing to fear from arbitration while staying at his post. The publisher will not live under the threat of bankruptcy through periodic strikes. The public will not lose the life-giving flow of information unavailable anywhere except in the detailed columns of the permanent printed record. It is the only procedure that now makes any sense. —R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

ONE HARRY GOLDEN FORGOT

WHEN I SHOWED Carl Sandburg my article, "The Last of the Personal Journalists?" [*SR*, Jan. 12], he said, "What about William Marion Reedy of St. Louis?" And indeed, it is necessary to add a word about this great man. Elbert Hubbard publicly acknowledges debt to Mr. Reedy and *The Mirror* he published in St. Louis. Sandburg says, "Mr. Reedy's paper gave me a post-graduate education." The Harvard University Press is paying tribute to this great personal journalist who introduced the poetry of Vachel Lindsay, Amy Lowell, and at least fifty others on the 100th anniversary of his birth with the publication of a biography, "The Man in the Mirror," by Max Putzel.

HARRY GOLDEN, Editor,
The Carolina Israelite.
Charlotte, N.C.

PAY-TV, PRO AND CON

YOUR AUTHORITATIVE SUPPORT and approval of pay-TV [*SR*, Jan. 12] is extremely gratifying. Your omission of reference to the Teleglobe Pay-TV System, recently approved by the FCC for test in Denver, was, we are sure, inadvertent.

Teleglobe, which uses centralized metering and billing as distinct from so-called home box office methods such as coins, tapes, etc., is *one* of the only *two* over-the-air systems to receive FCC approval (the other being RKO General-Zenith in Hartford) and can be used either over the air as in Denver or over wires.

Teleglobe Pay-TV System, Inc., has granted a forty-nine-year franchise to Macfadden Teleglobe-Denver Corporation, which is controlled by Macfadden-Bartell Corporation, publishers and broadcasters. The Teleglobe Pay-TV operation in Denver will start next spring over KTVR (Channel 2).

S. SAGALL, President,
Teleglobe Pay-TV System.
New York, N.Y.

I WOULD LIKE TO take exception, on several counts, to the editorial "1963: Subscription TV's First Vintage Year," by Richard L. Tobin. I do not argue with the basic premise that pay-TV is about to descend upon us. However, I do believe that the background and the projections are faulty. Mr. Tobin states two hypotheses with which I disagree:

1. He seems to believe that pay-TV will be commercial-less ("Commercial announcements are not permitted in subscription television programs"). Does he honestly think that the pay-TV operators will miss the boat, and not insinuate paid announcements in *addition* to the fee paid by the subscriber? I think that they are better businessmen than that, and that they will start selling time after just a few months of successful "free" service.

2. He seems to believe that pay-TV will provide improved program service. I think it will start providing more popular programming after just a few months of successful "free" service. (Today's major advertisers would just as soon sponsor poetry readings if such readings had the audience potential of horse operas.)

My use of the word "free" refers, of course, to commercialization, and not to money.

Parenthetically, let me state that forecasts 1 and 2 will unfortunately coincide, and will give people like Mr. Tobin another opportunity to blame the advertiser for communications evils. But is the newspaper advertiser to blame for the fact that most of the news is "bad"?

In support of Mr. Tobin's argument for non-commercialization, he states that there is no advertising during the course of a motion picture, for which the viewer pays an admittance fee. This is completely false; New York City is one of the few areas in the country where commercials are not shown during motion picture presentations. Motion picture advertising (commercials up to three minutes in length) is one of the most successful of the "marginal" advertising media, and is used extensively by automobile manufacturers, soft drink bottlers, and many other satisfied clients.

This editorial is representative of the dream-world philosophy which hypothesises that life would be rosy were it not for the nasty businessman. It is not a realistic point of view.

The average television program today costs the advertiser about $4 per thousand homes reached, per commercial minute. This is about one cent per home, per hour of viewing. Even assuming that the cost does not come out of profits or increased sales volume, but is directly chargeable to the viewer (an illogical assumption), the cost is far less than the 25 cents to $1 or more per program which has been suggested as the standard fee.

I'm not against pay television. I'm not against "better" (can you define it?) programming. But I think Mr. Tobin had better take off his rose-colored glasses, because by 1968 he is going to be very, very disappointed.

With vaster sums of money at their disposal than the television networks have today, the pay-TV operators are going to control talent. In an effort to get the most out of their investment, they are going to 1) popularize programming and 2) sell time. There will be very little room for

(*Continued on page* 62)

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THE "MANAGEMENT" OF NEWS

By LESTER MARKEL, *Sunday Editor of the New York Times.*

THE ASSIGNMENT, it is sometimes said, is to print the news—*regardless.*

The credo that the news shall be sought out ceaselessly and relentlessly, without fear and without favor, is an admirable one. Especially in this age of the handout, of axe-grinding and quid pro quo, of reports "on the highest authority," initiative and imagination in the gathering and publication of information are to be hugely applauded.

But the "regardless," added by some newspaper men, is troubling. It implies that there are no considerations and no responsibilities other than the stark pursuit of the facts. But there *are* other elements involved, notably that of the "national interest." These should be given full weight in the present debate over charges that the news is managed or censored or both.

In this debate much is being written and spoken by publishers, by editors, by reporters. The general reader may consider the discussion to be of technical or secular concern. This is a very narrow view; the issues are of prime importance to a democracy, because it is urgent to the citizen also that the flow of information shall be full and free and untainted.

Before examining the indictment, it may be useful to set down certain (what seem to me, at least) axioms:

1) In a democracy the press is vital as the watchman of the government, to make certain that any deceptions or chicaneries or corruptions are disclosed, so that correction can be achieved.

2) The press cannot do this job of surveillance unless it has free access to the news, clear channels of investigation and verification; in sum, there must be complete freedom of the press *in normal times.*

3) But these are not normal times. We are engaged in a Cold War which, even though undeclared, is as extensive and as crucial as any hot war. And it is being waged in political ways—that is, propaganda ways—as much as by military or economic effort.

(We should be clear about the word "propaganda." Despite the hateful connotations given the word by Hitler and Stalin and Khrushchev, it is not evil in itself, being basically the art of persuasion or conversion. Only the evil uses of it are to be condemned. Note: it is vital that the distinction be made between news and propaganda.)

4) Even though these are abnormal times, the increasing complexity of events and the need for national understanding make it urgent that the flow of information be as unhampered as possible.

In the light of these precepts, the basic questions can be examined: Has there been management and censorship of the news? And are such actions justified? Inasmuch as the Cuban crisis was the event that brought the debate to focus, the facts of that episode and the aftermath need to be set out clearly.

During the crisis the press was deceived, it is alleged, in these respects: that in the week preceding the confrontation it was told the Pentagon had no information indicating that offensive missiles had been placed by the Russians in Cuba; that it had been misled about the movement of troops; that the President's "cold," given as the reason for his return to Washington, was wholly a diplomatic one.

What had been happening in that fateful week? On Monday, October 15, the government had its first reports on the aerial surveys which eventually disclosed the Khrushchev plan; on Thursday, the President met with Gromyko, who did not reveal the presence of offensive weapons in Cuba, although the President did not put the question to him directly; on Friday additional evidence was adduced that there were missile bases in Cuba; on Saturday and Sunday the President conferred almost continuously with various aides to determine a course of action; on Monday, the confrontation took place, resulting in the complete surprise and the quick retreat of Khrushchev.

This so-called management of the news on Cuba was followed by several other utterances and events that have added to the complex of accusation. On October 27 a Defense Department memorandum outlined procedures for dealing with media representatives. Among other requirements was this: "The substance of each interview and telephone conversation with a media representative will be reported to the appropriate Public Information Office before the close of business that day." Four days later the State Department issued a directive to its personnel to the same effect.

On October 30 Arthur Sylvester, Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs, made this statement: "News generated by actions of the government as to content and timing are part of the arsenal of weaponry that the President has in the application of military sources and related forces to the solution of political problems or to the application of international political pressure."

On November 27 the State Department rescinded its directive, after tests from the correspondents covering the Department. The Pentagon directive has not been rescinded, although it is not now observed as rigidly as it was at the beginning. Mr. Sylvester has denied "any distortion, deception, or manipulation of the news." He says: "We have, of course, protected national security and the lives of military personnel. This is our primary concern in the releasing of news."

OUT of these actions and pronouncements came the indictment—and the debate proceeds. The nature of the discussion and the basic charges are clearly set forth in a report made by John Colburn, chairman of the Committee on Freedom of Information of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, and a lecture delivered before the National Education Association by Clark R. Mollenhoff, Washington correspondent for the Cowles papers.

Mr. Colburn asserts that "news [in the course of the Cuban crisis] was generated by government actions to implement a government propaganda policy"; that "there has developed within the administration a con[viction] that the United States must speak with 'one voice' in times of crisis."

Mr. Mollenhoff speaks of a "general concern over the news management in

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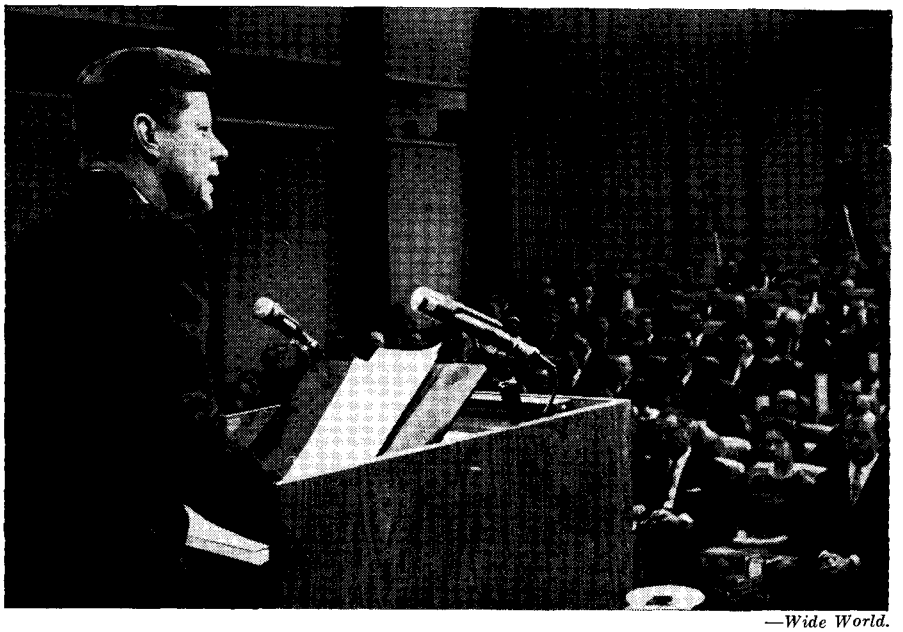
the Cuban crisis"; of "self-serving declarations" of the Kennedy Administration; of the danger in the Sylvester directive, charging that "it will have, if implemented, the potential of shutting off legitimate dissent on policy matters that have nothing to do with national security."

Messrs. Colburn and Mollenhoff make strong arguments. I do not contend for a moment that any act of manipulation or suppression of news shall not be examined with the utmost care and, in instances of misuse, relentlessly resisted. I am urging only that we be certain about our fire and about our targets.

It is important in these discussions to make the difference between the two kinds of news involved in the debate. One is the news of secret operations or secret negotiations—the kind of covert warfare or cloakroom diplomacy in which the Communists engage and to which we, in the necessity to fight fire with fire and propaganda with propaganda, also resort. The other is the kind of news which may set the government in an unfavorable light, but which is nevertheless information vital to the nation if it is to know what it needs to know to prevent grave missteps. The two must not be confused.

MUCH of the present discussion is focused on the first area—the news of secret operations and talks. Keeping in mind always the requirements of a democratic press, one is impelled to ask: what would the critics have done? Would they have had the President reveal his suspicions, the confirmation of those suspicions, and the proposal to confront the Russians with the facts? Such a procedure would probably have enabled the Communists to cover their tracks and would surely have removed from the enterprise the element of surprise which was so important psychologically.

Or consider the Bay of Pigs operation. Maybe it should have been made public, as the critics asserted, inasmuch as so much of it was being revealed by the Cuban refugees in Miami. But basically that does not change the fact that it was a secret operation and that secrecy is essential to secret operations.



—*Wide World.*

President Kennedy holds a press conference—How much should he tell?

Would these critics have made public the fact that U-2s had been operating a long time before one was brought down by the Russians? (A number of newspapers knew of this fact but decided not to print it "in the national interest.") Should the decision to abandon Skybolt—even if it was an unwise decision—have been announced before it was discussed with Mr. Macmillan and an attempt made to alleviate the consequences?

It is a curious business that the very newspapers which applauded the President for having brought Khrushchev to heel proceeded then to criticize him for the way he performed the deed, failing or refusing to recognize that the end could hardly have been achieved without the means employed.

Therefore, at least some of the present excitement about this "secret category" seems to be unjustified. Mr. Colburn says that news "was generated" by the government to "implement a government propaganda policy"; Mr. Mollenhoff calls such action "self-serving." Are these gentlemen saying that government shall not engage in propaganda (in the good sense of the word) and that the President was motivated by his own rather than the nation's interests? I doubt that this is their intent.

There is much to be said to the same effect about secret diplomacy. "Open covenants openly arrived at" is a fine and resounding phrase. But it is hardly applicable now, much less applicable than it was in Wilson's time—and even then its implementation proved exceedingly difficult. Open covenants, yes, but arrived at unopenly.

Possibly the President was right when he said: "Perhaps there is no answer to the dilemma faced by a free and open society in a cold and secret war." But surely if we decide to engage in covert operations, they must remain covert.

In these matters, it seems to me, you must put a certain amount of faith in the President. The question of how much news of this kind shall be released, and when, must be left largely in the hands of the government. If there is mismanagement, the remedy lies in subsequent exposure.

News in the second category—borderline news in the "national security" area, which is often news suppressed in an effort to shield officials from criticism—is entirely different in character and should be treated in an entirely different manner.

Here the warnings of Messrs. Colburn and Mollenhoff should be carefully heeded. There is, inevitably in a period of incessant crisis, classified information. Whenever there is classification there will be unwise and overzealous classifiers, and so a certain amount of suppression.

The operation called classification is a complex one. But it does not have to be as clumsy and complicated as it has been. For example, recently, as a result of the uproar over its news directives, the Pentagon announced that, "to increase the flow of information," it was setting up a "Directorate of Classification Management" to succeed the "Directorate of Declassification Policy" established in 1957. But no fundamental change is indicated; a cynic might re-

(*Continued on page* 61)

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WHEN YOU SPEAK FOR THE TRADE

By IRVING SMITH KOGAN, *author and Vice President of Infoplan, world-wide PR organization.*

MUCH of what people read, see, and hear—in newspapers and magazines, on radio and television—originates with a flourishing, influential, yet relatively unnoticed group of communicators. These are the trade associations, institutes, and councils that daily churn out news stories, articles, advertisements, supplements, filler items, and sundry educational material for their particular industries or products.

Aiming at all communications media and using techniques not always visible to the reader or viewer, trade group activities cover a broad front. Products range from walnuts to mink coats. Motives vary from self-serving to almost altruistic (i.e., public service). Objectives range from protecting markets against inroads by competing products, to building up consumer goodwill as a hedge against a period of adversity, to expanding the use of products into new markets. Methods include paid advertising, trade information programs, and editorial coverage, all in a variety of combinations.

Thus, the American Wool Council frankly combats synthetic fibers in its advertisements in *Mademoiselle, The New Yorker, Reader's Digest,* and *Vogue,* stressing the advantages of natural wool. Supplementing the ads is an intensive education program aimed at department store personnel. The U.S. wool promotion is part of a worldwide campaign by the International Wool Secretariat, which last May authorized the largest annual budget increase in its twenty-five years. (It won't disclose figures for fear of tipping its hand to the competition.)

Similarly, steel frankly battles glass for the beverage container business. Having previously lost more than a third of the $430 million-a-year beer container business to can makers, the Glass Container Manufacturers Institute now draws on a war chest of $1.5 million a year to extol the virtues of glass for soft drinks—pushing throwaway bottles dubbed "glass cans" and stressing that "glass never alters original flavors."

A sudden decline in butter consumption (down two pounds a person from 1959-60) helps explain why the American Dairy Association aggressively publicizes an American Medical Association warning against self-dieting to reduce cholestorol levels. Countering the Dairy Association is the new Safflower Council, whose membership includes vegetable oil processors like General Mills, Lever Brothers, and Anderson, Clayton.

Many industries launch information programs long before the prod of competition makes them necessary, simply because it's good business to identify an industry with the public weal. The Better Vision Institute is clearly on the side of the angels in encouraging regular eye examinations. Since cleanliness is next to godliness, who can quarrel with the Soap and Detergent Association's promotion of cleanliness through use of soap and detergents?

IN the same vein, the National Association of Amusement Parks, Pools and Beaches encourages wholesome family recreation by promoting day-long outings at member establishments. The Bourbon Institute sponsors a charity ball which raises thousands of dollars each year for the benefit of soldiers, sailors, and airmen. And every dollar raised by the Bowling Proprietors Association during a "Bowl Down Cancer Week" went to the American Cancer Society, while all promotional costs (roughly $500,000) were shouldered by the bowling industry—a price it paid willingly to demonstrate the pleasures of bowling to hordes of people.

Bourbon, bowling, butter, beaches, and better vision represent but a small sampling of the more than 12,000 industry trade associations, councils, and institutes in the U.S. today. Even more impressive is their rate of growth. One already outdated report states the present number is 50 per cent greater than in 1940 and fifteen times greater than fifty years ago, and predicts a continued expansion in both numbers and functions. As for the total money spent on association programs, nobody will even guess.

Numbers alone do not disclose the nature of these proliferating industry groups. They come in all shapes, kinds, and sizes. A few are large—the National Association of Homebuilders, for example, with a staff of well over 100 people, the U.S. Savings & Loan League, the National Association of Real Estate Boards—and have their own lawyers, economists, research and public relations personnel. But, according to a U.S. Chamber of Commerce survey, most of the associations have small staffs. A majority operate under a single executive and one or two employees. A few have as many as three full-time executives, fewer still have as many as a dozen. Some, like the Emba Mink Breeders Association, have no paid executive head.

To operate, a majority of associations turn to outside organizations for help in such specialties as public relations and advertising and almost all also look to their members for needed manpower. Members frequently take time from their own businesses and pay their own out-of-pocket expenses for the privilege of being officers, directors, or executive committeemen.

Not surprisingly, an association of strong-minded individuals or companies in an industry is bound to find itself confronted with divergent opinions. As many an executive secretary can testify, obtaining approval of broad industry objectives is one thing, but getting agreement on ways and means from members who are also fierce competitors is something else. The intramural arguments do, however, help to clarify important issues for the paid staff and establish a basis for action by defining the extent of membership cooperation.

This also explains why a trade association, although it speaks for an entire industry, can seldom claim 100 per cent membership in the industry. There are always holdouts who prefer not to go along with the group.

Apart from problems of policy and *modus operandi,* the common problem facing almost all trade organizations is a basic one: raising the money to pay for the information and education programs. The realities of fund-raising have led to a wide variety of financial arrangements and in some instances to inter-industry alliances.

The 3,000-member American Institute of Men's and Boys' Wear, for example, was originally set up by retail clothiers, but now receives financial support from manufacturers, mills, and other industry suppliers. The National Shoe Institute, the offspring of five trade associations, is supported by

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contributions from the National Shoe Manufacturers Association, the National Shoe Retailers Association, the National Association of Shoe Chain Stores, the New England Shoe and Leather Association, and the St. Louis Shoe Manufacturers Association.

On the other hand, the American Dairy Association and National Association of Amusement Parks, Pools and Beaches are supported by members' voluntary contributions.

Between these two extremes lie a variety of funding arrangements, each tailored to the peculiarities of the respective industry. Apple growers' regional associations levy a tax-per-box to promote sales. Emba's funds come from a fee-per-pelt, paid by 5,000 breeders of mutation minks. The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association collects its fees from ten manufacturers of cast iron pipe for water and gas lines who support a public information program in behalf of utility companies that distribute water. The Bourbon Institute is financed primarily by distillers of aged bourbon, but also by the Cooper's International Union, whose members make the oak barrels in which bourbon whiskey is aged.

Industry programs of information and education involve many kinds of communications at many different levels, and are as varied as the individuals and companies that sponsor them. Education certainly encompasses the "Dress Right" programs of the American Institute of Men's and Boys' Wear, which reaches six out of ten high school boys in the nation with kits, slide films, booklets, and brochures. Information includes three-line newspaper fillers sent out by the Lead Pencil Manufacturers Association and fashion shows held in Denver, St. Louis, and Rochester by Emba Mink. It embraces magazine stories on protecting valuable records prepared by the Safe Manufacturers Association, and recipes in newspapers featuring Diamond walnuts. It takes in a twenty-page booklet, "Straight Talk About Candy and Chocolate," published by the Candy, Chocolate and Confectionery Institute, a building at the World's Fair put up by the American Gas Association, and advertising in *Business Week* by the American Trucking Association. In the name of information and education, industry groups engage in paid advertising, public relations and publicity, organize speakers bureaus and seminars, and show their wares at conventions and exhibits.

Information and education are not limited to externals. They also cover such within-the-industry programs as the ambitious basic reseach effort by the International Copper Research Association to find new uses (and new markets) for an old metal. It reaches out to the salesmen, jobbers, and wholesalers of hardboard who learn from the American Hardboard Association why the American-made product has "Plus Value" compared to the imported variety. Monthy newsletters or weekly activities bulletins are issued to members. Manuals are prepared to show members how to take action "at the local level" or how to organize a speakers bureau in a regional marketing area.

Yet none of these trade group activities, internal and external, attempts to sell a single box of candy, pound of copper, or suit of clothes by specific name. In hewing to the cardinal rule for retaining industry-wide cooperation, the associations can promote only projects that benefit the industry as a whole and must eschew specific brand promotions, proprietary processes, patents, or any other single-company enterprises.

THIS explains certain facts of association life. For one thing, the association can speak only in generalities—trends, statistics, surveys, generic product usage, overall attitudes. For another, member contributors may not always benefit from the association activities in proportion to their financial support. The benefit to the individual member more often depends on how skilfully and aggressively he capitalizes on the association's broad program.

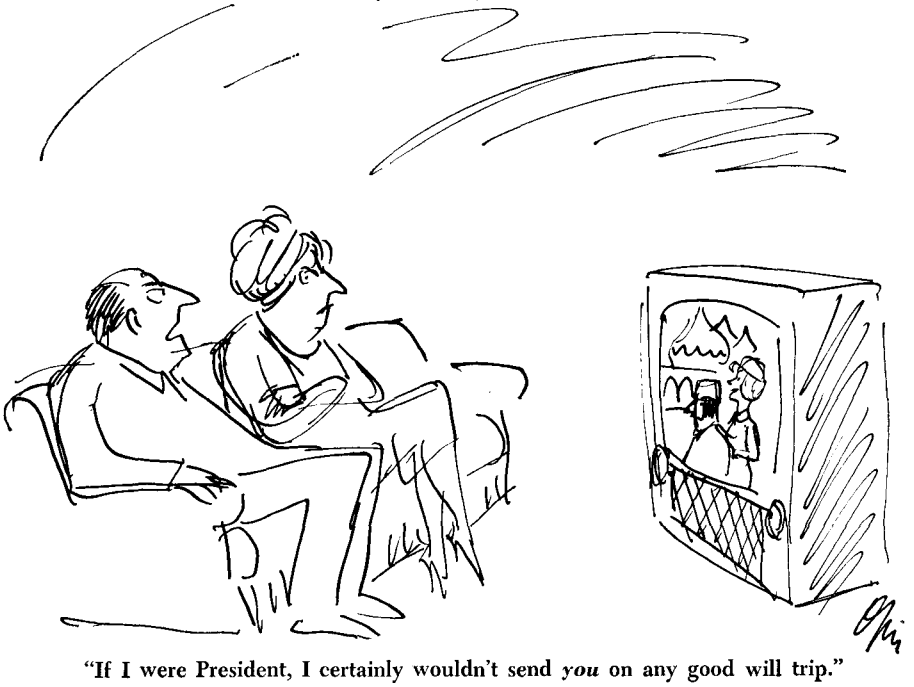
What, then, is the advantage of an association to its members? Industry spokesmen argue that the very existence of an industry spokesman is, of itself, a benefit to members since the association serves as a relatively impartial source of information for the press and other media. They add that providing a forum for sharing views and solving mutual problems is reason enough for an association.

Some industry groups have achieved marked increases in sales. This satisfies their members, who feel that as long as the market expands, they can collar a fair share in competition with their association colleagues.

Hence the National Shoe Institute often points up the industry's improving sales picture. In 1950, women bought an average of 3.9 pairs of shoes; in 1958, 4.3 pairs; and in 1960, 4.4 pairs. The American Institute of Men's and Boys' Wear gets credit for an 11.5 per cent increase in sales by men's apparel stores over two years, where before they had lagged far behind other apparel categories. The Bourbon Institute promoted foreign sales of bourbon so successfully that exports to Britain, France, and Italy climbed 50 per cent in two years and the institute received President Kennedy's "E for Export" award. The institute also was given the first U.S. representation on the respected Fédération Internationale de Vins et Spiriteaux.

Association spokesmen also point to other significant achievements: more favorable public attitudes, as shown by surveys; readier acceptance by communications media of material originated by, and issued through, associations; retention of markets that might otherwise have been lost to competitors.

Indeed, associations are enough of a fixture that staffers have long had their own association — the American Society of Association Executives. It's a barometer of success no matter how you look at it.



"If I were President, I certainly wouldn't send *you* on any good will trip."

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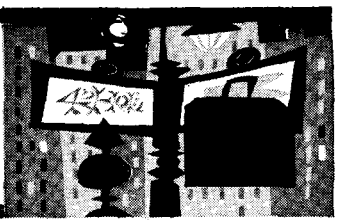
Madison Avenue



The Newcomers

By PETER BART

BY tradition, most old-line book publishers have looked upon advertising with a mixture of diffidence and disdain. Madison Avenue's strategems may be fine for soap or cigarettes, they've reasoned, but the book market remains far too circumscribed—and far too genteel—to sanction an advertising effort of any magnitude.

In view of this attitude, many book buyers have been surprised by some recent displays of uninhibited huckstering in certain segments of the book business. Potential book buyers have been showered with millions of direct mail pieces peddling books of every description. Radio jingles have heralded the latest literary output. There has even been a sprinkling of television commercials for books.

A substantial proportion of this activity can be traced, not to the old-line publishing houses, but to relative newcomers to the book field—magazine publishers, encyclopedia houses, and specialty publishing firms. According to some of the old-timers these newcomers are debasing the industry with their high-presure tactics, and are peddling not books but pseudo books—or, in the argot of *Time*, non-books.

The newcomers dismiss these blasts. The book business, they argue, must reach beyond existing distribution channels and exploit a vast audience that at present has little access to books.

Among the most aggressive advertisers are those publishers who are attempting to bypass the book store (of which there are at best a meager 1,400) by selling through supermarkets. This fast-growing group includes such familiar names as *American Heritage* (which is in partnership with Dell), J. J. Little & Ives, Grosset & Dunlap, Pocket Books, Rand McNally, and Funk & Wagnalls.

Some of these publishers have launched formidable ad campaigns to spread the word about their offerings, which range in subject matter from history to home improvements and in quality from brilliant to shoddy.

J. J. Little & Ives has budgeted well over $500,000 for advertising this year for its supermarket books (mostly in the do-it-yourself and reference fields), while *American Heritage* and Dell probably will spend a sum well into six figures to support their handsome new sixteen-volume "Illustrated History of the United States."

Some of the publishers in the supermarket field take a rather earthy view of their ventures. Harold Drimmer, the financier who controls J. J. Little & Ives, notes bluntly that his books are competing with cabbages and pork chops and that the typical shopper is not exactly burning with intellectual curiosity.

"We operate on the assumption that this is still a nation of illiterates," he states. "Women shoppers will often buy books for their children in the hope that they will take an interest in reading, but they will rarely buy books for themselves."

ONE of Mr. Drimmer's TV spots for a two-volume do-it-yourself book begins with a housewife squealing: "Oooo, it's new; not one but two. Two wonderful ways to save hundreds of dollars on home repairs and transform your home into a showplace of beauty."

Though supermarkets have proven a successful outlet for many reference books, only a small minority of publishers believe that they will ever become an outlet for serious literary fare. "Supermarkets are fine for the sorts of books that belong with groceries—cookbooks or children's books – but other than that they would seem to hold little potential," says Milton Runyon, executive vice president of Doubleday & Co.

While the supermarket publishers have relied heavily on broadcast advertising, other relative newcomers to the book business are channeling their budgets into ambitious mail order campaigns. The mail order field, to be sure, was pioneered many years ago by the book clubs. But the newcomers are attempting to sell single copies rather than club memberships, and their budgets tend to be far larger. The big magazine companies—Hearst, Meredith, *Sunset*, *McCall's*, and Time Inc.—are examples of this trend.

Time's book ventures got their start as far back as 1950 when an editorial team was formed to produce "Life's Picture History of World War II" (a volume that has since sold some 650,000 copies). But it was not until January, 1961, that a full-fledged book division was launched to push headlong into the book field.

Today Time's activities encompass a remarkable range of books—atlases, histories, texts, paperback reprints, guides, nature books, and "survey books" of various countries. The results, in terms of sales, have been impressive. During the Book Division's two-years of operation, it has sold some 9,000,000 books.

American Heritage also has achieved some eye-opening results with its more expensive volumes. Its "Picture History of the Civil War" sold some 350,000 copies at prices of $19.95 and $25.

ACCORDING to some of the old-line publishers, the magazine companies that have invaded the book field are unwilling to risk publication of books or authors that might not be popular with the mass audience. And indeed the newcomers could hardly deny this fact. The advertising support given their titles is such that they cannot risk a flop. To ensure the success of their ventures, they spend as much as $100,000 to test-market new selections, just as a cosmetics producer test-markets a new lipstick. If the new title arouses no great response it is dropped.

"Let's make this clear," says Norman Ross, the able editor of Time books. "We are not trying to disseminate original ideas. Our function is not to originate but to communicate. We are practicing journalism in hard covers."

Mr. Ross believes his organization is fulfilling a role long neglected by the old-line publishers. "The trouble with American publishing is that it's hopelessly snobbish—publishing companies are sort of genteel societies. They are unwilling to talk to the great unwashed. There is a tremendous opportunity here for the professional communicator who understands the tools of journalism."

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[MARILYN MONROE BY DIANA TRILLING]

In February Redbook, distinguished critic Diana Trilling analyzes the chemistry—the *mystique* of Marilyn Monroe.

Mrs. Trilling, no easy person for an artist to please, describes her first glimpse of Marilyn Monroe. *"It was a remarkable moment, of a kind I don't recall having had with any other actress, and it has its place with certain rare, cherished experiences of art such as my youthful remembrance of Pavlova."*

Unusual parallels are drawn. *"Of Ernest Hemingway, I feel much as I do of Marilyn Monroe, that he was unable to marshal any adequate defense against the painful events of his childhood."*

And harsh judgments. *"Granting our right to be a bit confused when our sex idol protests a taste for Dostoevski, surely the source of discomfort must yet be located in our suspicions of Dostoevski's worth for us and in our own sexual unease. For what our mockery signifies is our disbelief that anyone who has enough sexuality needs to read Dostoevski."*

It is obvious that Mrs. Trilling's article is no ordinary magazine revelation. Rather, it has a style and literary purposefulness that Redbook's Young Adult readers have come to expect. This respect for the literacy of its readers has made Redbook circulation grow faster than most magazines'. And advertising linage grows apace, climbing at a rate rarely exceeded by others.

230 Park Avenue, New York – Chicago, Boston, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Philadelphia. Circulation Base: 3,600,000

REDBOOK

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THE LAW OF LETTERS

By RITA HAUSER

DESPITE technological advances made in recent years, it is still true that the most common mode of formal communication between people is by means of letter. While the telephone is used to convey thoughts or plans which, for one reason or another, it is not desirable to record on paper, the pronouncement of importance—financial, amorous, personal—is generally reserved for a letter.

Everyone both sends and receives letters. Some people write indiscriminately; others are more circumspect in unleashing a paper replete with personal thoughts, sentiments, and proposals. Most letters, of course, go into the rubbish heap, but some are saved, to be rescued one day and exhibited, perhaps to the painful embarrassment of the sender. And the letters signed and sent by those who eventually become great or famous men may bring a fortune to the holder.

Although letter writing, sending, and receiving constitute the most common of phenomena, few people are aware that there are any legal rights and obligations involved. Yet the law of letters is old indeed, going back, as far as court records reveal, to the English Chancery Court of 1741. In that year Alexander Pope sued to prevent the publication of letters written by him to Swift and others. And in 1774, Lord Chesterfield's executors sued to prevent the widow of the Lord's son from publishing the now famous letters Chesterfield wrote to his son. Colonial and early American courts also had occasion to deal with the problem of who owns a letter—the sender or the receiver—and whether the contents may be publicly divulged without the permission of the writer.

The leading American case came out of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts in 1912. It dealt with letters written by Mary Baker Eddy, the founder of Christian Science, to her cousin in her own hand. These letters became the property of an auctioneer of manuscripts who, as part of his advertising, wanted to publish portions of the letters. Mrs. Eddy's executor sued to prevent the auctioneer from both advertising and selling the letters.

The Massachusetts Court drew the distinction, made back in 1741 in the Pope case in England, between the piece of paper itself on which the letter was written and the contents—the thoughts, ideas, and expressions—of the letter. To the Court, it was clear that the paper itself belonged to the receiver. "The paper has received the impression of the pen, and the two in combination have been given away." Since there was no confidential relationship between Mrs. Eddy and her cousin and nothing in the letters so personal that Mrs. Eddy's right to privacy might be harmed if the letters were revealed, the auctioneer was free to sell, keep, even destroy the letters, for he had ownership of the paper itself.

Incongruous as it may seem to some, the auctioneer, while free to sell the letters, was not at liberty to divulge their contents through advertising or publication. Since she did no more than send the letters to her cousin, Mrs. Eddy was deemed to reserve all literary rights in them. Without her permission, the auctioneer could not violate those rights, which came into existence on the very writing of the words (under American law, writings are protec by a common law copyright wh springs into operation as the words pour forth on paper). Never having published the letters herself, which would have required Mrs. Eddy to take out a statutory copyright, her common law copyright in the letters was intact at her death and passed into her estate.

The auctioneer raised the fairly novel argument that the letters of Mrs. Eddy to her cousin had no "literary" value, for they were merely friendly letters written about domestic and business affairs: her health, the work she was doing or, as the Court characterized it, "indifferent subjects not possessing the qualities of literature." They were, went the argument, not a proper subject for common law copyright protection. The Court rejected this attack, and ruled that the author's "ideas in its particular verbal expression" were protected, whatever their literary merit.

THE same problem came up in 1948 in New York where the estate of Mark Twain came to court to prevent the sale of one of Twain's unpublished manuscripts. The manuscript was not a finished one, but merely an outline of a plot to be developed by different a thors, each in his own style. Twai thought these diverse stories dealing with the same plot could be collected in a volume and sold.

The manuscript was submitted in 1876 to William Dean Howells, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, who rejected it. No one could satisfactorily trace the history of the manuscript after this rejection, as it was not found in Mark Twain's papers at the time of his death in 1910. It turned up somehow in the possession of Twain's cousin, Dr. James Ross Clemens, and the defendants purchased it in 1945 at an auction sale of Dr. Clemens's manuscripts.

After reviewing the evidence, the New York Court found that there was no indication that Twain or Dr. Clemens had intended to relinquish the literary rights—or common law copyright—in the manuscript. To the great chagrin of the defendants, the Court ruled, in effect, that they had purchased only a few pieces of paper.

We might also consider the hypothetical case of John, who is a friend of a budding writer, Joe. Joe writes John letters regularly, but John, having little faith in the ultimate success of hi friend, reads them and destroys the Joe, on the other hand, certain of his prospective place in literary history, keeps a carbon copy of every letter he writes.

One day, Joe does indeed achieve

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success, and John is suddenly aware of the windfall lost with the destroyed letters. Reading a bit into the law of ers, John concludes that if the original letters sent belonged to him, the carbon copies of the letters should also be his property. He demands that Joe turn over these carbon copies.

The answer to this legal question comes from litigation involving a most common situation: the auditing of a tax return.

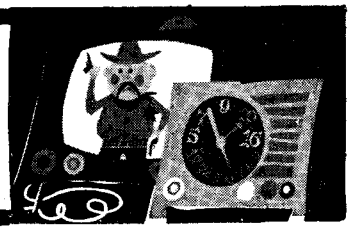
The accountants involved in the case had been employed to prepare the tax returns of a client. When the revenue agent, during the course of his audit, requested certain documents and papers of the client concerning the tax years in question, he was referred to the accountants in whose files copies of the returns and correspondence were located. The court ruled that the accountants, who were hired to prepare returns, were under a duty to turn over the original of each return to the client; the original became the property of the client upon its completion. In contrast, copies of the returns and of all letters sent by the accountants to the client concerning the returns belonged to the accountants, as did the original of all letters received by the accountants from the client. All preparatory tements and work sheets developed the accountants likewise were their property.

In sum, the client had hired the accountants to make up tax returns and the final, original returns alone could the client claim as his.

Similar litigation has arisen over an architect's plans, and the courts have held that only the final plan—the finished product -belongs to the client. It is for this that he hired the architect. Presumably, then, the same is true of documents drawn by lawyers, of X rays and other tests developed on paper by doctors, and of positive prints taken by photographers. Proprietary rights in the original itself are with the client; ownership of the copy or the negative is not.

The law of letters should give anyone with a penchant for letter-writing reason to pause. Without indications that the letters he writes are intended as confidential, the writer cannot recover letters sent or prevent their sale. They may later show up in places and under situations never imagined by the sender. The urge to take pen in hand and record one's thoughts and sentiments is great indeed. But it might be e to remember the statement of the Massachusetts judge: Once the letter paper, bearing one's words, leaves the possession and ownership of the writer, it becomes the exclusive property of the recipient.

Audio/Video



Living Color on Television—2

OSSIE DAVIS began working in the theatre in 1946. He wrote "Purlie Victorious," a farce about segregation, and played the lead last year in the off-Broadway production. Nat Hiken, TV's outstanding writer-producer of farce ("Phil Silvers Show") saw the Negro actor-writer on stage and cast him in a permanent role as a patrolman in "Car 54, Where Are You?" the NBC comedy series about a New York City police precinct. This is the only permanent role Mr. Davis has had in television. His success in TV is still a rare case. Employment opportunities for Negro and Puerto Rican talent are developing at too slow a pace for all who seek to accelerate them (as reported in this space in the issue of November 24, 1962).

In 1954, Mr. Davis recalls, a few Negro actors, none of them well known, tried to start a community boycott of TV in Harlem. The actors hired sound trucks and distributed leaflets urging viewers to turn off their television sets in protest against the lack of job opportunities in broadcasting for Negroes. It was a poorly organized, amateur effort in consumer pressure, but Mr. Davis says it produced quick tremors in the industry, which astonished even the actors who instigated it. The industry made a token response, he says, and then things died down.

Negroes on television are still seen largely in occupational roles of little skill. The small screen does not reflect accurately their advances in business and the professions. If Negroes were seen more frequently on television—and in featured roles comparable to those played by white actors—their real-life employment picture might be favorably affected. Television's power to change mass habits and attitudes appears to be significant. An improvement in the Negro image on television might be a very important step toward real integration.

The climate now is riper for pressure; the Negroes are more aware of their influence; and their churches—the main repository of contemporary Negro power—are ready to help the artists. Affirmative forces are at work, however, to neutralize the pressure build-up. In New York, Governor Rockefeller's State Commission for Human Rights has been "charged with the responsibility of working with the broadcasters and their allied agencies to stimulate the employment of minority group performers on radio and television." George Norford, a public affairs producer at NBC who is on leave from the network, is TV consultant to the Governor's commission and is holding discussions with industry representatives in New York and Hollywood. ABC Television has hired Malcolm Goode, a Negro newsman, to cover the U.N. for the network in New York; and WMAL in Washington, an ABC affiliate, has on its staff photographer-reporter Malcolm La Place. Pat Connell works for CBS Radio and TV as an announcer. The networks also employ several Negro designers and technicians. Casting directors in the industry are trying.

A FEW programs are leading in the effort to employ Negro actors. Nat Hiken's record is excellent, both on "The Phil Silvers Show" and "Car 54." It would be absurd, however, as Mr. Hiken readily points out, to write programs about the Army and the New York police without Negroes. The big-city setting demands it. Reginald Rose's "The Defenders" (CBS) has also made a sustained effort to cast Negroes, occationally in featured roles. "Armstrong Theatre" (CBS) and "Naked City" (ABC) are noteworthy. The network religious programs are mainstays of Negro employment; and "Camera Three" on CBS has a good record. All these programs are produced in New York. Hollywood's performance lags far behind—and here is the rub, for the major portion of television's big-time product is made on the West Coast. To adjust employment in television to a more equitable color distribution is not simple, but it is easier than achieving integration outside the studios. The tempo of social change quickens. Broadcasting will have to catch up with the parade or face increasing pressure from the Negro community. And beyond, of course, lies the equally serious problem of the image of democracy we are exporting, via TV films, to the rising discernment of the new Asian and African peoples. —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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RESPONSIBILITY AND MASS MEDIA

By JOHN TEBBEL

FIVE distinguished members of the communications industry addressed themselves last month to that stubborn question, "The Responsibilities of the Mass Media," and after the better part of a cold January morning they had succeeded, as the familiar saying goes, in raising more questions than they answered.

That, of course, was the object of the session, which was part of a two-day tenth-anniversary convocation sponsored by the Fund for the Republic's Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, an organization devoted to examining the major institutions of this century in relation to the continued existence of democracy.

The series of panel discussions and luncheons, under the title "Challenges to Democracy in the Next Decade," brought together the most impressive collection of intellectuals under one roof (the Americana Hotel's, in this instance) that had been seen for some time outside Washington, D.C., which sent Attorney-General Robert F. Kennedy, Senator James F. Fulbright, Senator Joseph Clark, Newton Minow, Willard Wirtz, and Robert Weaver to represent its interests.

With Alicia Patterson, editor and publisher of the Long Island daily *Newsday,* presiding, the mass media responsibilities session began with addresses by Mr. Minow and Lord Francis-Williams, London journalist and critic. Following the format of the other meetings, these speeches were then the subject of comment by a panel, this one consisting of William Benton, chairman of the board and publisher of the Encyclopaedia Britannica; Barry Bingham, editor and publisher of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* and *Times;* and Sylvester "Pat" Weaver, Jr., stormiest of television's petrels.

Mr. Minow, who must certainly be the best-known chairman the Federal Communications Commission has ever had, did not say anything likely to embroil him in another controversy, but he probably left the largest residue of unanswered questions as he speculated on where television was going in the next decade, and how it should get there.

—*Wide World.*

Newton Minow — great challenges.

Noting that fewer and fewer people are "deciding what more and more people will receive from the print media"—a note of alarm often sounded these days—Mr. Minow declared he thought that, as a basic principle, television should go in the opposite direction. To achieve multiple voices in the medium, he pinned his hopes chiefly on the development of UHF broadcasting, along with methods of financing which do not involve advertising.

The benefits of both these objectives are not seriously disputed, and Mr. Minow outlined some of them in mouth-watering terms, but he did not explain where the money might come from. He noted that all educational television stations in the country spend less on programming in a year than the three major networks spend in a week, but he did not indicate how this situation might be significantly altered. He was, in fact, speaking in the nation's richest city, which is having difficulty supporting one educational television and one municipally owned UHF station.

To make any really significant advances, said Mr. Minow, "educational television must undertake great projects, great challenges. To do this, it must secure an adequate economic base of support. And it must do this in the next decade if it is to do it at all." Amen, echoed his listeners, many of whom were wondering audibly afterward if there was the slightest realistic chance that this development would in fact take place.

Mr. Minow also urged once again the responsibility of the broadcasters to inform the public as well as entertain it, "to help feed and shape public opinion," but he reminded them that they are obligated by law to "afford reasonable opportunity for the discussion of conflicting views on issues of public importance." Thus the old, knotty question of equal time once more. Mr. Minow believes that one answer to the problem of how to finance equal time, or any time at all, for political candidates who cannot afford the high cost of television is for the stations to offer enough free time so that in a campaign the politicians would be "free to raise more issues and less money—and during their term of office free to vote their inner consciences instead of their overdue obligations." Another amen, another question.

Turning to the newspapers as a mass medium, Lord Francis-Williams gave his audience, which included a large number of people eminent in the communications industry, a witty and comprehensive summary of the world-wide troubles in the newspaper business. Press freedom is not making much progress on the international scene, he noted, and indeed has lost ground in the emerging nations especially, where the press is regarded primarily as a government propaganda arm. The kind of dangerous cost squeeze which union demands and practices have placed on independent dailies in America, slowly driving them to the wall, is also a serious matter in the United Kingdom, he observed. Finally, he concluded, the trend to monopoly, which has reached such proportions in England that seven out of ten of all daily papers sold in Britain are controlled by three people, has gone even farther in America as far as the development of the "solus" newspaper—the single paper with virtual exclusivity in a great community—is concerned.

Lord Francis-Williams declared flatly that this spread of the "solus" ne paper is "one of the greatest dang to press freedom in its full sense," and he devoted much of his speech to it. He deplored the "almost inevitable tendency" of these papers to "seek to

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become all things to all men, to blur the edges of controversy although controversy is essential to communal health, to avoid disclosing what is unpleasant, to become eunuchs of journalism unready and unable to generate that spirit of constant scrutiny and debate which the democratic method above all else calls for." His Lordship also took a dim view of the other kind of monopoly, chain journalism, and he cited the rise of international press lords like Roy Thomson, owner of a hundred or so newspapers in the United Kingdom, Africa, Canada, and the United States.

When the panel was turned loose on the morning's speakers, Barry Bingham rose at once to the defense of the monopoly newspaper, as the publisher of one. Whether we like it or not, Mr. Bingham declared, monopoly is here to stay. The only way to finance the publication of more competitive newspapers in the present state of the business would be through government subsidy or foundation support, both as unwanted as they are unlikely. In any case, said Mr. Bingham, monopoly is not necessarily a bad thing, it has simply become the whipping boy for the real ills of the business, and "it is less a threat than monotony." Monopoly, he went on, relieves a newspaper of pressures from advertisers produced by competition, and it reduces the temptation to sensationalize the news. "What the press needs and the communications industry needs," he concluded, "is more publishers and broadcasting station owners who consider their ownership a public trust, who put service first and profits second. We need owners who want to communicate thoughts, not just facts."

Off the platform, Mr. Bingham's listeners expressed some doubt. They could accept his optimistic view of monopoly ownership, some said, if all "solus" newspapers were as excellent and conscientious as the Louisville *Courier-Journal*; but this is lamentably not the case or anywhere near it. On the platform, Mr. Bingham's fellow panelists were equally doubtful, although they did not linger to criticize. Mr. Weaver said he thought monopoly was a bad thing, but he was more interested, as a result of his recent world travels, in the international "individual revolution" which has made people everywhere realize "what they can get if they go after it."

Mr. Benton, fighting the clock at the end of a long morning and unable, therefore, to read his prepared paper, implied his distrust of monopoly but went on to talk principally about broadcasting. His complaint about it, he said, was not that television reflected the taste of the majority, but that it did not supply adequate programming for the minority. The diversity of printed media is not present in broadcasting, he noted.

Visualizing the creation of a great educational television network of perhaps 200 stations, Mr. Benton advanced the idea that they would be able to operate financially through listener subscription, and he predicted "unequivocally" the commercial success of these stations. He also foresaw the possibility of a fourth network, catering to minority tastes, to which quality sponsors might be attracted, as they are now attracted to quality magazines.

Echoing Mr. Minow's call for "outside criticism and independent review of our policies," Mr. Benson renewed his support for a Citizens' Advisory Board for Radio and Television, which he first proposed as a Senator in October 1951, and declared his further belief that there is also a need "for a continuing body to criticize the performance of the press." The problem, he concluded, was how to get such a board or commission set up to provide for a continuous review of the mass media.

Looking back on the morning's oratory, some informed listeners thought they had heard a great deal about freedom of the press and the threats to it, but uncommonly little about the announced topic, "Responsibilities of the Mass Media," except briefly toward the end of Lord Francis-Williams's speech. The basic obligations of the press in the next decade, His Lordship said, would remain what they had always been: "to report honestly, to comment fearlessly, to let no interest —even its own—stand in the way of the public interest." How well the press is discharging this responsibility, or is likely to discharge it, went unchallenged and undiscussed, posing perhaps the largest question of all. It appeared that Mr. Benton, who had talked the least, had advanced the one really significant idea of the day—that the mass media, and the public even more, are in need of a citizens' commission or board of review. Such a commission, although it would have to contend with the press's determined resistance to examination by outsiders, and indeed to criticism of any kind, might even find answers to some of its hard, and still unanswered, problems.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Level. 2. Deified. 3. Deed. 4. Refer. 5. Civic. 6. Kayak. 7. Minim. 8. Deled. 9. Rotator. 10. Tenet. 11. Poop. 12. Reviver. 13. Eye. 14. Redder. 15. Repaper.

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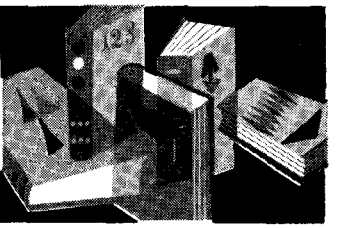
Books in Communications



Through a Translator Darkly

By JAMES F. FIXX

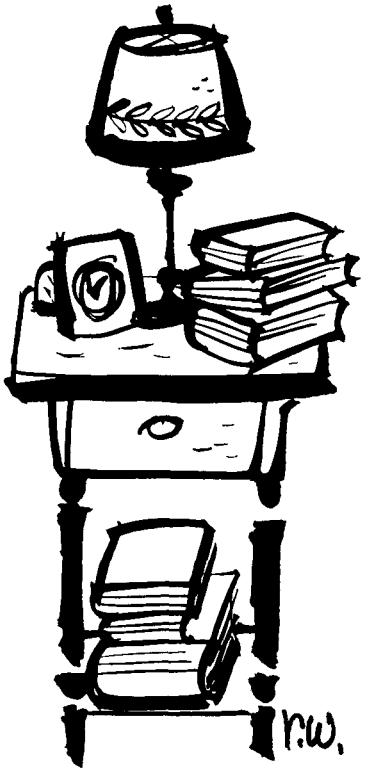
IMAGINE, if you can, a country where no one reads serious literature any more, where the only thing that counts is money, where children are raised on a diet of violence and falsehood, where good schools and good teachers are a rarity, where a working woman is not given a leave for childbirth and will lose her job unless she remains attractive, where gangsters congregate openly and travel about by helicopter. Imagine all this and you have had a glimpse of the United States as it was seen by two Soviet travelers and described for the Russian public in a series of newspaper articles in *The Soviet Writer*.

The tourists, Nikolai Mikhailov, a geographer, and his psychiatrist wife, Zinaida Kossenko, spent two weeks in the United States under the cultural exchange program and published their observations in 1960, first as a series of newspaper articles and later as a book. The translation, which has just been made available here under the title **"Those Americans"** (Regnery, $4.95), offers a clearer view of the barbed cultural barriers that separate our two peoples than could be gained by any number of scholarly treatises on international misunderstanding, suspicion, and distrust. For the book, though it may be dead on target as propaganda, is half a world away from even the simplest truths about Americans and the lives they lead. But is this, I wonder, entirely the result of deliberate hostility? People see, after all, pretty much what they expect to see. And the disturbing thing about "Those Americans" is what two Soviet tourists expected to see in this country.

In New York City, for example, a visit to the Empire State Building brings to their minds thoughts of the U.S. suicide rate. A walk through Central Park is an occasion to discuss reports of robberies there. A tour of Cornell Medical Center evokes the conclusion that "the average American could not possibly receive the medical treatment he should; no wonder he must take the advice of advertisements and cure himself or neglect his illness."

Nor do the authors' conversations with Americans suggest that they had much luck in encountering anyone who had not sprung full-blown from a Soviet caricature. A "citizen" they meet on a train somewhere in Indiana delivers himself of a three-hour monologue, largely on economics, industry, labor, and agriculture, saying at one point: "Look, for example, at today's issue of the *Wall Street Journal* which I bought in the station on the same day of issue. Delivery is excellent. You know I don't read just the *Daily Worker*, I have to keep up with the enemy's ideology. . . ." And a woman, represented in the book as typical of Americans, remarks to the Soviet travelers: "In the United States our productivity is twice as much as yours; yet for your laborers, I've heard, work is a blessing—for ours, it's a calamity. In your country automation makes life easier; here we've completely ruined our nerves pressing buttons."

Everywhere there are the same curiously gloomy distortions, conveying an America that no American ever saw. The overall impression is, in fact, doubly curious in view of the assertion by one of the Soviet observers that "my prejudices had disappeared while I contemplated man according to our ideal of equality and beheld his distinctive national qualities."



The book contains, it is true, a number of outright and obvious fabricatio such as a quotation said to come fro an advertisement in a Washington newspaper: "Buy bonds to increase America's power. The world is worth the money!" But the overwhelming impression is simply of two writers who were somehow more interested in feeding their preconceptions than in getting at, or even bothering to look for, the truth. Whatever the reason (and one can of course speculate what that reason may have been), they have done disappointingly little to serve the proposition that accurate knowledge has anything to do with understanding. And until travelers, official and unofficial, do accept that proposition, all their trips, whether to Times Square or Red Square, are likely to help neither them nor their people nor the world.

As Zinaida Kossenko herself writes in "Those Americans": "A writer-traveler must be above all else frank and sincere, showing respect for the nation visited. Mistakes should not be made with malicious intent." A worthy lesson for journalists of both East and West.

HOW TO FAIL AT AUTHORSHIP WITH OUT REALLY TRYING: Statistically, t average American author is a man forty-nine years old, married, with one child under eighteen. He is likely to live in or near New York. He has a college degree. He earns most but not all of his income from writing. And, if one may hazard a non-statistical guess, he spends a good deal of time worrying about money: His total personal income during a recent five-year period averaged out to only $3,105 annually.

These are among the conclusions in **"How Authors Make a Living,"** by William Jackson Lord, Jr. (Scarecrow Press, $7.50), a study of the membership of the Authors League of America for the years 1953-57. Originally written as a doctoral dissertation, the book is studded with enough figures, charts, and percentages to make the national budget look like a kindergarten exercise, but out of this mathematical warehouse emerges a startling picture of the financial state of the American writer today.

It is clear, for example, that to speak of a wealthy writer is, in mid-century America, virtually a contradiction in terms. A man may indeed be wealthy, or he may be a writer, but he is exceedingly unlikely to be both. The markable thing, in fact, even amo this group of avowed writers, is how few are able to earn a satisfactory living by writing alone. And the reason is not difficult to discover: Part-time writ-

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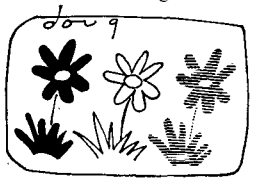
ers—that is, those who earn a majority of their income from non-writing projects—earn nearly twice as much as those who depend upon writing for most of their income. (It is no accident that over half the married writers have working husbands or wives.)

Observing that probably no more than a dozen authors in this country support themselves in any kind of style by their writing, Lord concludes: "Free lance writing can be pursued successfully as a subsidiary career—with one that has a definite salary attached to it. . . . Generally, the consensus is that the greater number of writers eke out only a precarious and very modest living."

THINKING YOUNG: "The cynic in advertising will eventually defeat and destroy himself," says James Webb Young in **"How to Become an Advertising Man"** (Advertising Publications, Inc., 720 Rush Street, Chicago 11, $3). That single sentence might well serve as a touchstone for the author's entire philosophy of persuasion—a philosophy as refreshingly remote from the Madison Avenue stereotype as a human stomach is from an acid vat. For James Webb Young, frequently described as the dean of American advertising men, sees his



trade for exactly what it is, whether in print or on the air: salesmanship.

"How to Become an Advertising Man" describes the skills and knowledge an adman needs, and does it in a style free of hokum, oratory, and the bristly defensiveness customary when admen write about their work ("If you shrink from the rigors of competition," says Young, "you will probably not be at home in advertising"). Young comes right out and faces advertising's drawbacks head-on: lack of prestige, anonymity ("no personal status at all"), and the somewhat shaggy reputation produced by the fact that "some advertising men do overstep the bounds of truth, good taste, and good manners, and, because of the nature of the medium in which they work, do this in public."

What the beginning advertising man needs, he argues, is a liberal education, a curiosity about human beings, and a more than casual knowledge of such tools of his trade as mathematics and writing. Some admen will disagree with Young's views, but the novice will learn about the dissenters soon enough. As a start, he could scarcely do better than to think Young.

News "Management"

Continued from page 51

mark that in some six years the "directorate" has moved from emphasis on "declassification" to "classification."

In these areas there must be close examination by the government of what is being withheld and full alertness on the part of the press in ferreting out any unjustified concealment. Above all, there must be the fullest possible adherence to the fundamental principle of freedom of the press.

But some caveats seem in order here also.

The cry of "censorship" should not be raised lightly, lest it bring a general distrust of the government. The President's position on "censorship" has been, I believe, misrepresented. After the Bay of Pigs episode there were loud protests about news suppression. The President then pointed out what has already been indicated here: that secret operations require secrecy. He did not propose censorship, but he suggested that, if the newspapers wanted him to set up an Office of War Information like that of World War II, he would be glad to do so.

That Office of War Information was not an office of censorship. It was a central bureau to which journalists might turn for counsel when they were in doubt as to whether any information they proposed to publish might threaten national security. They were then free to proceed on their own.

This proposal was distorted into a statement that censorship was being advocated and the free press threatened. The echoes still resound and whenever the question arises there is likely to be an inaccurate reference to the President's suggestion.

There is also the issue raised by Mr. Mollenhoff when he asks in connection with the Sylvester directive: "Are we to assume that McNamara, less than two years in the job, can produce the right answers without the benefit of dissent or public debate?" No one will dispute the constant need of dissent and debate, but is Mr. Mollenhoff proposing that every Pentagon policy be subjected to public referendum? I wonder.

At his press conference on November 20 the President asked: "Are we suggesting that any member of the Defense Department should speak on any subject to any newspaperman? That the newspaperman should print it or not print it as he sees fit without any effort to attempt to limit the printing of news which may deal with intelligence information?" This seems to me a pertinent query and one that is difficult to counter.

There is then the condemnation of the President and lesser officials for their insistence that the government speak "with one voice." Mind, this was not a suggestion that the nation speak with "one voice." Pluralism, as the experts call it, is one of the main characteristics of a democratic society: many voices there must be, hopefully not Babel. The statement here was only that, *in moments of crisis*, one official should not contradict what another was saying or, most importantly, what the President was saying. Is there any other effective or reasonable course?

There should be background briefings; correspondents should be able to get the whole picture. But it should be realized that these private talks hold their dangers also. Too often they are used to float trial balloons or to grind axes—as in the notorious Alsop-Bartlett-Stevenson leak—rather than to supply interpretation. They require a high degree of alertness on the part of the reporter if they are to be assayed as they need to be.

I am concerned, too, that the kudos or the promise of an exclusive story often beclouds the judgment and influences the course of a correspondent; in many instances, I suspect, what takes place is management of newspapermen rather than management of news.

WHAT are the answers to these various dilemmas? They are not easily come upon but there are these fundamentals:

Newspapers should recognize that it is not enough, in these critical days, to ask: Is it news? They must also ask: Is it in the national interest? It is not enough that the press be free; it must be responsible also.

Government should recognize that there are grave dangers in overclassification and in censorship under any guise and that such procedures are to be used with the utmost caution and under constant scrutiny.

In sum, the flow of news must be as free and as full as possible, but account must be taken of the *truly* essential needs of national security.

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Letters to the Communications Editor

Continued from page 48

unsullied culture. The average American will be no happier (and no better educated) than he is today, but he will pay more for his entertainment. You cannot force him to buy ballet rather than a second-rate variety show, any more than you can force him to buy *Saturday Review* rather than *Look* or *Playboy*.

Perhaps America's lack of faith in her intellectuals has been occasioned by the lack of realism in the egghead outlook.

JEREMY D. SPRAGUE.

New York, N.Y.

NO ONE CAN TAKE exception to the concluding sentence in "1963: Subscription TV's First Vintage Year," which applauds "any experiment whose ultimate purpose and result are a raising of program standards. . . ." But just how and why the pay-TV experiment will achieve this result is passed off in the editorial with generalities, hopes, and expectations.

The article is predicated on the naïve notion that pay-TV promoters are more interested in art and culture than they are in dollars and cents and, somehow or other, they have a greater interest in "public service" than do the three networks. The simple fact of the matter is that the economic potential of pay-TV, as of free TV, is largely dependent upon distribution to a mass market. . . . The astute business promoters of pay-TV would not serve the interests of their own stockholders if they did not schedule that programming which attracts the largest audience. . . .

Moreover, if and when pay-TV gives any indication of financial success, it will automatically tend to drain the writers, actors, and performers and the professional sports promoters from free television and, in turn, force the television networks to adopt pay-TV themselves in order to survive.

If there was ever any doubt about this, it was resolved, once and for all, by the greatest proponent of pay-TV, the Zenith Radio Corporation, when its president wrote a letter to its stockholders bemoaning the fact that Mary Martin had appeared in "Peter Pan" on a nationwide network and that 65,000,000 people had seen her—of all things—free of charge! He pointed out that Mary Martin and the promoters of pay-TV would have been able to divide, among themselves, $5,000,000—after paying the stations and other costs—if each family that had seen the program had paid only 25 cents. . . .

The great potentials of television should be available to all citizens and not just to the select few who can afford to pay. Those who criticize present television should not seek to solve the problem by encouraging a system which only a minority can afford.

MARCUS COHN.

Washington, D.C.

I WAS INTERESTED in your recent editorial on pay-TV. You are probably unaware that several of the statements you made therein ("There is no advertising in subscription TV, as there is no advertising in the course of a motion picture or legitimate play"; "Commercial announcements are not permitted in subscription television programs") do not hold for pay-TV as it exists in this and several other Alaskan communities. Here we not only pay a whopping installation fee and a monthly fee but also have to put up with anywhere from six to ten commercials in the course of a normal program. Nor can many of the programs (for the most part normal network fare) be described as especially high in either program quality or scope.

When this system was originally introduced, it is my understanding that the TV company told the public that the monthly fee would last only long enough to pay for the original installation. Apparently either the advertising rates are remarkably low or the operation of the system is exorbitantly high because it has been in operation for a number of years now and there has been no mention of lowering or eliminating the rental fee.

RUSSEL L. BROWN.

Ketchikan, Alaska

THE FTC AND HONEST ADVERTISING

IN HIS ARTICLE "Honesty in Advertising" [*SR*, Jan. 12], Peter Bart suggests that the Federal Trade Commission and the judiciary were at outs with one another. As evidence, he discussed the FTC vs. Colgate-Palmolive Company (the Rapid Shave case) and the FTC vs. Ted Bates & Company (the Rapid Shave advertising agency).

The Court of Appeals objected to the scope of the order while agreeing that an order should be entered in regard to the single offense with which the advertiser and the agency were charged. As reported in the November 26, 1962, *Advertising Age*, Circuit Judge Bailey Aldrich said in his opinion that Colgate's and Bates's "only offense was the making of a single misrepresentation about a single product. The fact that this was accomplished by a 'demonstration' did not warrant a broad order against all future misrepresentations of any kind by demonstrations."

The court further said: "But the commission's fundamental error so permeates the order that we think it best that an entirely new one be prepared. We also think it best that the commission be the one to do so."

ELLIS H. NEWSOME,
School of Journalism,
State University of Iowa.

Iowa City, Iowa

THE "GRAY AREA" between honest and dishonest advertising exists in part because of our ultra-sensitive aversion to calling spades spades. Mr. Bart in his polite article uses the customary psychological euphemisms for those almost forgotten terms, "lie" and "steal."

Referring at one point to gray toy advertising, Mr. Bart says that "this sort of advertising successfully establishes psychological value, but when the children actually buy the toys their psyches experience a sudden deflation." Now there is nothing more touching than a child who has had his psyche suddenly deflated, and it seems to me that this kind of advertising might better be described as "successful deception which produces, in addition to sales, disappointed, confused children, painfully aware of what it means to be lied to and cheated."

LLOYD N. DENDINGER,
Francis T. Nicholls State College.

Thibodaux, La.

ONCE AGAIN, CANON 35

I WAS VERY PLEASED to read the article by Herbert Brucker of the *Hartford Courant* on Canon 35 [*SR*, Dec. 8].

My congratulations to *SR* for publishing the article and to Mr. Brucker for a very fine exposition of the way in which the legal profession has failed to give a fair trial to the question of broadcast coverage of courtroom proceedings. At a time when the judicial process in this country needs to be better understood by the people, it is most unfortunate that the bar has seen fit to turn its back on twentieth-century forms of communication.

I would hope that your readers and people generally would become more concerned about their rights to be informed on what is happening in their government. I'm certain that if the public became sufficiently aware of this problem and aroused to express their feelings to members of the legal profession, we might be able to accelerate the slow and painful process of modernizing the thinking of some members of the bar.

I'm hopeful that Mr. Brucker's fine article will help evoke this kind of response from your readers.

HOWARD H. BELL,
Vice President,
National Association of
Broadcasters.

Washington, D.C.

I READ WITH SOME interest the article "Let's Abolish Canon 35." For thirty-eight years before going on the bench I was a defense lawyer, concerning myself with clients' lives, their liberties, their property. The only function of the court and the courtroom is to furnish a fair and impartial forum for the determination of the guilt or innocence of the accused, by the best manner the human mind has been able to devise for that purpose, a trial. It is true that dignity and decorum are basic elements of a courtroom in making a contribution to fairness and impartiality.

The paramount portion of a trial is the testimony of the parties and their witnesses and *nothing* should be permitted to interfere with that.

The publicity media, such as the press, TV, and radio, are, in the last analysis, attempting to make money out of publicizing the misfortunes of the defendant. The media people will avoid the less sensational elements of a trial with the inevitable result that a completely biased,

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out-of-context, and misleading impression would be given to the viewers or listeners. Any trial lawyer knows the inherent difficulty of getting a reluctant witness to testify, and this would be particularly true if the reluctant witness knew that he or she would be exposed to TV photography or radio. Such a witness, however material, would view as an enemy the attorney who subpoenaed him. . . .

What is the real purpose of a trial? Is it to reach a decision between the state and the accused in a trial conducted according to law? Or is it to publicize the witness, the jurors, the judge, and the attorneys for the purpose of selling newspapers and TV and radio time?

If and when the millennium occurs and cameras and microphones are permitted in courtroom, on that day will end the most sacred right accorded a citizen of this nation—the right of a fair and impartial trial.

STANLEY M. DOYLE,
Associate Justice,
State of Montana
Supreme Court.

Helena, Mont.

THE PRINTER'S SIDE

JOHN TEBBEL in "Crisis for the Independent Daily" [*SR*, Jan. 12] deplores the very thing he should be most proud of—the fact that financial empires are not now made. What honest man ever made a fortune? Dog eat dog and excessive profits are not the way of an honest man, nor the parasitic fattening on other people's endeavors by manipulation of stocks and shares.

From time immemorial, workers have had to struggle for even the essentials of life. For the things Mr. Tebbel enjoys today, he can thank trade unionism. Who is to produce the newspapers of the future? A man with years of apprenticeship and experience, or a young boy or girl fresh from school earning $50 a week? (Certainly it won't be more, for it this strike fails we will be back on the road to the Dark Ages.)

The so-called featherbedding, or bogus, raises this point: From where does the material come that is all ready for printing? Was it set in a place that does give a living wage, or was it set in a little sweat shop down the alley?

The "I-can-get-it-for-you-wholesale" operator is still in existence and can do any job at the lowest price, thereby undercutting an enlightened employer and ruining business. Were there no bogus, then we would be seeing plates, stereos, electros, etc., stamped "Made in Japan," "Made in Hong Kong," "Made in Taiwan." Don't scoff; it has already happened. Ask the U.S. transistor radio makers. Unemployed Americans result.

So you see, it *is* logical that the International Typographical Union and Big 6 protect our livelihood by bogus or any other means—even strikes, however regrettable it seems—and in doing so, protect Mr. Tebbel's future, too.

LEONARD F. KENT,
ITU No. 135227.

New Hyde Park, N.Y.

Editorial

(*Continued from page* 18)

Mr. Khrushchev said, between Lenin and Stalin. Lenin forgave his enemies; Stalin killed his friends.

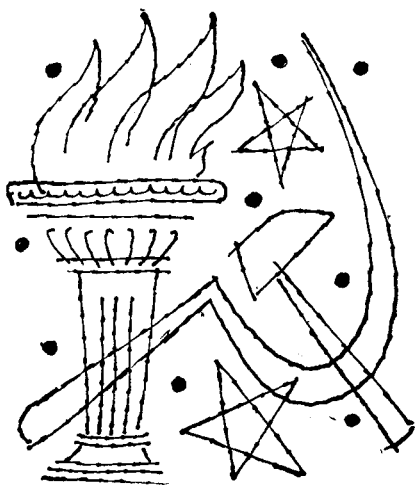
• • •

If the Russian people themselves have been slow in recognizing the fact of basic change in their own country, the same is at least equally true of the rest of the world. In the United States a curious attitude seems to abound about the reports of the de-Stalinization campaign in the Soviet Union. People seem disposed to disbelieve altogether the reports of any amelioration or loosening up, or they tend to regard such accounts as a sinister trick to cause us to lower our guard and thus jeopardize the national security. But the national security is never served by policies or attitudes based on ignorance or outdated ideas. What is especially harmful to the United States is the inability to comprehend that the challenge of the Soviet Union today cannot be met through obsolete concepts or outworn information.

Essentially, the challenge of the USSR today has to do with world leadership. We can meet that challenge if what we are, what we say, and what we do make more sense and provide more of a heart throb to most of the people on this planet than what any other nation or ideology says or does. In fact, we will achieve our greatest strength only as we utilize these resources.

In the meantime, we never need fear that it is somehow unpatriotic to recognize any internal improvement in a nation juxtaposed against us. Any betterment in the human situation, wherever it may be, is utterly consistent with American history and fundamental objectives. For the United States is not just a national sovereignty. It is a revolutionary idea directed to the improvement of the condition of man.

—N.C.



A moving plea to subscribers on the move

WE DON'T LIKE to burden you with our problems.

But since your cooperation is essential in helping us solve one of them, we hope you won't mind wading through the next few paragraphs to find out how you can help us save money, improve subscription service, and continue *Saturday Review's* editorial growth.

Here is the problem:

Recent changes in postal regulations have greatly increased the expense of handling copies which are not correctly addressed.

If you move without notifying us or your post office, your copies of Saturday Review are not forwarded. Nor are they returned to us. They do no one any good. The local post office sends us notification, however, that your copies were not delivered . . . and each of these notifications costs us ten cents. We lose ten cents per notification . . . plus the cost of the undelivered copies . . . the expense of tracking down your new address . . . and the outlay for sending you the missing copies if they are available. Multiply this by the tens of thousands of subscribers who change their addresses each year, and you can easily see that the waste of money and manpower could be considerable.

We would rather put that same money and manpower to work on the editorial side—continuing to add to *Saturday Review* new and important material to increase your reading enjoyment each week.

That is why your cooperation is so important to us, to yourself, to all *Saturday Review* readers:

Please notify us at least four weeks in advance if you plan to move or be away from home for any considerable length of time.

And for speedy processing, tear a label from one of your recent copies and enclose it with your letter to:

Subscriber Service Division

Saturday Review

25 W. 45 Street, New York 36, N.Y.

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POSE LATELY? Portraits skillfully rendered from photos. Charcoal, Copper. Gemery, 365 Longhill Avenue, Shelton, Connecticut. Details free.

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PERSONALS

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PHILANTHROPY in the Space Age: If you are interested in a creative and imaginative approach to philanthropy . . . if you believe that we must find more effective ways of promoting better understanding and mutual respect between people of emerging nations and our own people . . . if you believe that we must help people of underdeveloped lands to raise their levels of living, write for information to Dept. SR, The Community Development Foundation, Boston Post Road, Norwalk, Connecticut.

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(Continued on page 66)

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CAMPS

(Continued from page 65)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1505

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Characteristics of the appearance of a celestial body; countenance.

B. Fresh-water tortoise of California, used as food.

C. Human dimension which Lincoln said, of himself, was "enough to reach the ground" (3 wds.).

D. Certain excrescences on oak trees, valuable commercially (2 wds.).

E. "The Conqueror" who founded the Ottoman Empire, 13th cent.

F. Distresses which came "by the peck" in "Don Quixote".

G. Condition caused by one of the excesses practised by the titled political prisoner in "Ship of Fools" (medical).

H. Subtle, invisible emanations from any substance, as the aroma of flowers.

I. Here of "La Bohème".

J. One epithet associated with "an old hag".

K. Wonderful sight to have seen on the Hudson River, early 17th cent. (2 wds.).

Community employee not so necessary now as when most houses were heated by coal.

WORDS

1 44 137 66 114 119

168 48 164 22 196 70 128 11 91

147 113 171 133 63 191 163 41 34 138 83

188 27 56 172 86 174 194 122

195 69 120 100 32 111

78 169 109 152 112 84 15 57

117 45 165 40 125 105 72 87

3 181 187 13 42

60 110 75 180 61 173 25

93 74 80 64 104 89 192 17 9

39 124 99 50 73 10 160 189

54 154 183 2 148 103

DEFINITIONS

M. Touches closely.

N. Omar's phrase for how "Wine" disposed of his "Robe of Honour" (3 wds.).

O. Breadth of a closed hand with the thumb extended —about 7 inches.

P. What Oscar Wilde said art always expressed (in "The Decay of Lying").

Q. Completed by Word X, titular hero of one of Kipling's tales in "The Jungle Book" (comp.).

R. Corroded (a surface) as with acid.

S. Authoritative head of a convent of nuns.

T. Less constricting (3 wds.).

U. Set at naught.

V. Familiar publication giving brief biographies of prominent people (2 wds.).

W. Acclaims.

X. See Word Q.

Y. Important musical instrument known by a two-word name, neither of which is true of it.

Z. Uneasy.

WORDS

132 176 108 144 129 146 121 20

12 101 33 151 8 24 193 53 115 58

47 157 16 155 116 30 5 76

6 38 118 92 82 21

153 71 126 190 62 159 90 197 7 135

68 31 161 94 51 186

140 131 79 85 106 156

158 162 14 77 102 28 170 182 184 37

134 177 96 67

81 29 46 149 26 143 166

43 123 136 65 36 97 142 150

19 175 167 49

185 4 130 98 18 55 179 52 59 139 141

23 35 107 178 127 95 145 88

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

					1 A		2 L	3 H	4 Y		5 O	6 P	7 Q	8 N		9 J	10 K		
11 B	12 N	13 H	14 T	15 F	16 O		17 J	18 Y	19 X	20 M		21 P	22 B	23 Z		24 N	25 I		
26 V	27 D		28 T	29 V	30 O		31 R	32 E	33 N	34 C	35 Z		36 W	37 T		38 P	39 K		
40 G		41 C	42 H	43 W	44 A	45 G		46 V	47 O		48 B	49 X	50 K	51 R		52 Y	53 N		
	54 L	55 Y	56 D	57 F		58 N	59 Y	60 I		61 I	62 Q	63 C	64 J	65 W	66 A		67 U		
68 R	69 E		70 B	71 Q	72 G		73 K	74 J	75 I	76 O	77 T	78 F		79 S	80 J	81 V	82 P		
	83 C	84 F	85 S	86 D	87 G	88 Z		89 J	90 Q	91 B	92 P		93 J	94 R	95 Z		96 U		
97 W	98 Y	99 K		100 E	101 N	102 T	103 L		104 J	105 G	106 S		107 Z	108 M	109 F	110 I	111 E		
	112 F	113 C	114 A	115 N	116 O	117 G	118 P		119 A	120 E	121 M		122 D	123 W	124 K	125 G	126 Q		
127 Z	128 B	129 M	130 Y		131 S	132 M	133 C		134 U	135 Q	136 W	137 A	138 C	139 Y		140 S	141 Y		
142 W		143 V	144 M	145 Z		146 M	147 C	148 L	149 V	150 W		151 N	152 F	153 Q	154 L	155 O	156 S		
	157 O	158 T	159 Q	160 K		161 R	162 T	163 C	164 B		165 G	166 V	167 X	168 B	169 F	170 T	171 C		
172 D		173 I	174 D	175 X	176 M	177 U		178 Z	179 Y	180 I	181 H	182 T	183 L		184 T	185 Y			
186 R	187 H	188 D	189 K	190 Q		191 C	192 J	193 N	194 D	195 E	196 B	197 Q							

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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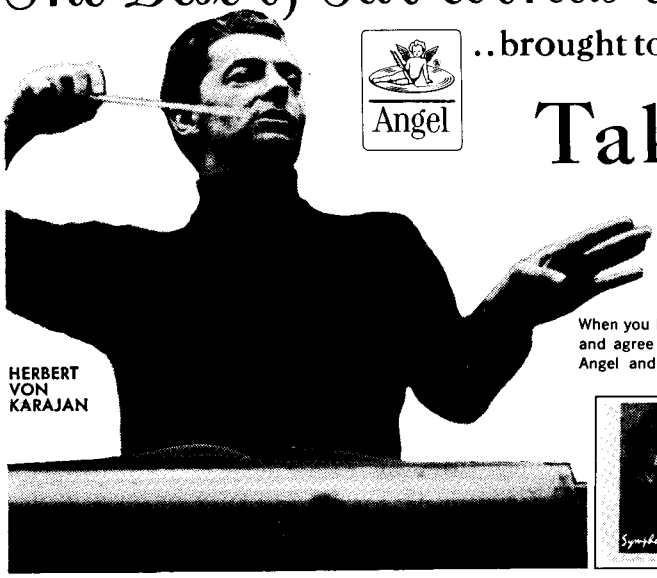

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747. CALLAS PORTRAYS PUCCINI HEROINES. Favorite arias from operas **Manon Lescaut, Butterfly, Boheme,** others. Monaural only.

794. BARTOK: Music for Strings, Percussion, Celesta; **HINDEMITH:** "Mathis der Maler" Symphony. Von Karajan conducting.

506. LATIN AFFAIR. George Shearing plays **Juana Palangana, Mamba Balahu,** latinizes American favorites.

804. BRAHMS: CONCERTO #2 in B FLAT MAJOR. Richter-Haaser, piano; von Karajan conducting Berlin Philharmonic.

754. THREE RHAPSODIES. The Vienna Philharmonic under Silvestri plays rhapsodies by Liszt, Ravel, Enesco.

422. LAURINDO ALMEIDA. REVERIE FOR SPANISH GUITARS. 11 classical works by Ravel, Debussy, Tchaikovsky, others.

354. PEGGY LEE. BASIN STREET EAST. Catch her club performance of Fever, Them There Eyes, Yes Indeed, 12 more.

733. Prokofiev: SYMPHONY NO. 5. A stunning rendition of a heroic work by Thomas Schippers with Philharmonia Orch.

704. EMIL GILELS plays Beethoven's **Emperor Concerto.** Philharmonia Orchestra under Leopold Ludwig.

361. STAN FREBERG PRESENTS THE UNITED STATES. Pilgrim's Progress, Boston Tea Party, 8 other great spoofs "Good-natured satire." N. Y. Times.

793. ENGLISH BALLETS OF THE 20TH CENTURY. Sir Malcolm Sargent conducts Royal Philharmonic in 3 selections.

454. HOLLYWOOD BOWL SYMPHONY. STARLIGHT FANTASIE. Miklos Rozsa conducts Tchaikovsky, Liszt, Brahms, Enesco.

736. Mozart: 4 HORN CONCERTOS. Flawlessly performed by Dennis Brain with von Karajan conducting. Monaural only.

526. VIC DAMONE. LINGER AWHILE. The "Lively One" swings 12 meaningful ballads: **One Love, Deep Night, Change Partners,** more.

799. FRANCO CORELLI SINGS NEAPOLITAN SONGS. 10 thrilling Italian love songs: Torna A Surriento, more.

718. PROKOFIEV: Peter & the Wolf; **HAYDN:** Toy Symphony. Von Karajan and Berlin Philharmonic.

474. THE SOUND OF RICHARD STRAUSS. Erich Leinsdorf conducts the Philharmonia Orchestra: **Salome's Dance,** more.

731. Sibelius: SYMPHONY NO. 2. Powerfully played by the Philharmonia Orchestra, Paul Kletzki conducting.

389. BEETHOVEN: VIOLIN CONCERTO IN D. Yehudi Menuhin in a thrilling performance. Constantin Silvestri conducts.

798. Beethoven: PIANO SONATAS. Annie Fischer in vivid performances of Sonatas No. 14 ("Moonlight") 24 and 30.

514. SING-A-ROUND WITH ARTHUR GODFREY. Merry miscellany of group-singing favorites — **Row, Row, Row Your Boat, Frere Jacques,** 16 more.

740. Tchaikovsky: VIOLIN CONCERTO; Mendelssohn: VIOLIN CONCERTO. Christian Ferras with the Philharmonia Orch.

713. OTTO KLEMPERER conducts the Philharmonia Orchestra in Brahms' **Symphony No. 1 in C Minor, OP. 68.**

776. KURT WEILL IN BERLIN. Songs from the master tunesmith's hit shows, including Threepenny Opera.

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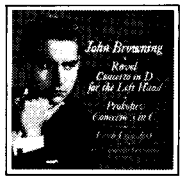
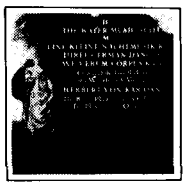
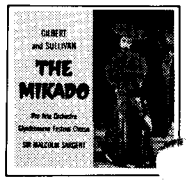


520. RAVEL: CONCERTO FOR LEFT HAND/**PROKOFIEV:** CONCERTO #3 IN C MAJOR. John Browning is soloist with the Philharmonia Orchestra.



808. HANDEL: WATER MUSIC SUITE; Mozart's **Eine Kleine Nachtmusik, 3 German Dances, Ave, Verum Corpus.** Von Karajan conducting.



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